Week ending June 6 1959

JOHN BULL

Everybody's Weekly

EVERY WEDNESDAY 5d

# THE QUEEN AND HER RACEHORSES

**Who has the right to push you around?**

**The way women get things done**

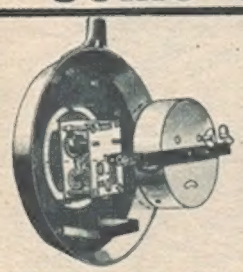
**DAPHNE DU MAURIER'S thrilling new story**

# Homemaker —the Magazine of a Thousand Ideas!

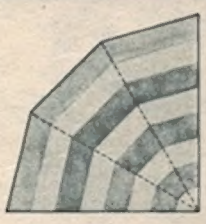
## GREAT NEW HOW-TO-DO-IT MONTHLY SHOWS EASY, PRACTICAL WAYS TO MAKE YOUR HOME LOVELY AND COSY

Millions are talking about HOMEMAKER —the wonderful full-colour how-to-do-it monthly that deals in a practical, fascinating way with all the problems and aspects of homemaking. HOMEMAKER contains something of value to every home-lover. The crowded, lavishly illustrated pages of this really indispensable magazine bring inspiration for hundreds of new, valuable homemaking ideas to people everywhere. HOMEMAKER is a vital part of modern living.

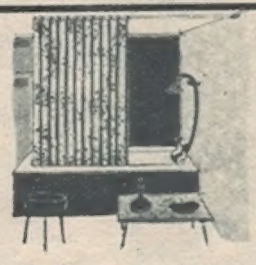
## Some of the Valuable Ideas in this Enlarged Issue



HOW TO MAKE A FRYING PAN CLOCK

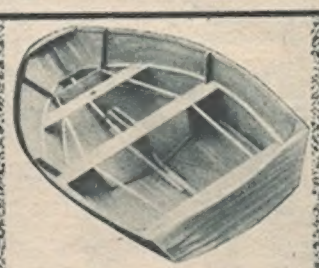


HOW TO MAKE A DUTCH BLIND



HOW TO MAKE A SHOWER IN THE BATH

HOW TO IMPROVE YOUR BATHROOM



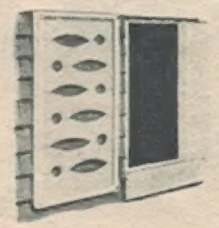
HOW TO ASSEMBLE A SAILING BOAT AT HOME

HOW TO FIT AN IMMERSION HEATER

HOW TO GIVE A FRONT DOOR INDIVIDUALITY

HOW TO ADD LIGHT AND SPACE TO A SMALL HALL

HOW TO BUILD SIMPLE BRICK WALLS



HOW TO MAKE SOME NOVEL MOCK SHUTTERS

## OVER 200 PHOTOS & DRAWINGS—MANY IN FULL-COLOUR

**Here's just a glimpse of some of the other contents in this valuable issue: Foldaway picnic furniture • How to choose and buy a comfortable bed-mattress • Latest modern furniture—and the best way to buy it • Building a new headboard—the best and least expensive way to do it • Converting and modernizing a thatched cottage • Second-hand furniture bargains—and first aid for old furniture • A man in the kitchen • Starting late in the new garden • BE SURE OF YOUR COPY**

# Homemaker

# HURRY FOR YOUR COPY

JOHN BULL
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# The Cover

WHAT a tap to tempt Providence! But the family luck is in and the needle flicks obligingly away from wet and windy nearer bright and breezy. There's no depression centred over Seaview. Everyone's ready for a carefree day on the beach—all except Mother, that is, who prefers to laze with one eye closed and another on the weather. There's not a raincoat to be seen. "But after all," says cover artist Tanat-Jones, "it's only two minutes' walk back to the hotel—if they run"

# Free Speech

**JOHN BULL: EVERYBODY'S WEEKLY pays one guinea for each letter published in "Free Speech." Readers with problems (other than medical) should write to our Free Advice Service, whose experts answer questions by post and in our feature "We Advise."**

## Sick-bed Wisdom

AFTER a spell in hospital one realizes how important are the things we take for granted. I miss catching the early morning bus to the office, the noisy, chattering schoolchildren who seem to fill it.

I miss the daily routine that has bored me to distraction for years and wonder how the person who has taken my place will leave my books, the same books that have been slowly driving me up the wall.

I've suddenly realized that it isn't just a job I'm paid to do, but a job to feel proud of.

I've even come to wish for one of our canteen sandwiches which looked and tasted like stepping stones.

But most of all I have missed my friends.

A spell in hospital away from our working lives is good for us all.—MISS F. CARTLIDGE, Leigh Street, Burslem, Staffs.

## American View

I read with interest your article, "The Americans won't let us earn an honest dollar" (JOHN BULL, March 28). In years gone by my wife and I have purchased goods from England and Scotland, always of excellent quality.

Lately, to my regret, I haven't been able to find any in our stores, but fortunately I live near Canada and go there for a weekend to buy English wool of a quality I cannot find made in America.

I have a pair of trousers of Scottish wool that I bought ten years ago and which I cannot seem to wear out.

It seems that "pressure" is the only means of getting what you want with certain people in Washington, so why don't you exert a little on the right people?—WILLIAM R. MURRAY, Havre, Montana, U.S.A.

## Dizzy Tern?

Watching the local fishing fleet come in at Scalloway in the Shetland Isles I saw hundreds of screaming gulls descend on the fishermen, making it impossible for them to gut the catch.

Then one man waded into the mob of gulls, gripped one expertly by the legs and swung it round in the air, shoulder high.

When he released it, it flew off unhurt—accompanied by all the other birds. This performance was repeated all afternoon, every fifteen minutes.—E. W. S. JUPP, Victoria Street, Aberdeen.

## Spare That Tree

When a piece of wooded land was being cleared to build a housing estate, officials came along and stopped the builders from felling some trees.

Later on the houses were sold and the owners, finding that the trees blocked daylight, cut most of them down.

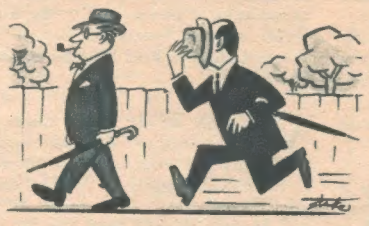
Nothing was said about this. I wonder why the officials bothered in the first place.—E. HUMPHREYS, Weston Street, Nechells, Birmingham, 7.

*"The people who cut down the trees certainly took a risk," says the Ministry of Housing and Local Government. "There are a great number of regulations and restrictions on the felling of trees and before members of the public do so they should make inquiries of their local authority."*

## Passing Casual

Why is it that one feels so awkward and embarrassed when walking behind a person who is only slightly known?

In such a predicament I never



know whether to overtake with some short greeting, or fall in step and start polite conversation. Usually I end by slowing down or stopping so that the person will not know I am there.—R. P. BAXENDALE, Oakhill, Stoke-on-Trent, Staffs.

## Judgment On Gilbert

I agree with Gilbert Harding (JOHN BULL, May 2)—we must banish this parsonical braying from our churches. Parsons of all denominations must give us a virile presentation of the religion of Jesus Christ—away with dogma, creeds and antiquated collects!—W. C. WRIGHT, M.A., Walsall, Staffs.

. . . Sports and social clubs in connection with chapels are not stunts. The church has always been the centre of community activity. If the churches drop this sort of work it will pass to the State—and become completely secular or religiously "neutral."—MRS. B. E. LEWIS, Townhill Road, Swansea.

. . . Church, as I understand it, is a place where you worship God as reverently as possible. To turn it into a music hall is obviously blasphemy.

No doubt the clergy would like larger attendances, but this can only be accomplished by complete sincerity and trust in church teachings. —HORACE G. BLACKMORE, Bedminster, Bristol, 3.

## Damp Fools

If the British encountered anywhere else in the world the weather we have in July and August they would call it the rainy season. But at home they call it summer.

Every year without exception it rains throughout July and August, yet people still blindly book their holidays for the wet season.—M. E. UDALE, Burslem, Staffs.

*"August and July do tend to be among the wetter months," says the Meteorological Office. "To take one English holiday resort as an example, the average figures over thirty-five years for Skegness show that the wettest months have been November, July and August.*

*"The driest have been March, June and February."*

## Tinkling Trophies

Long before cups were given as prizes in sporting contests ("Free Speech," April 25) silver bells were awarded to winners of horse races.

The race for the Lanark Silver Bell is still run. Tradition has it that the first bell was given by a king of Scotland seven hundred years ago. At Chester a silver bell was given in 1511 for the horse that "with speedy runninge should runne before all others."—F. WOOD, Mandrake Road, London, S.W.17.

## Bob's Your Uncle

Could the long arm of the law give us a handshake occasionally? As a mother of a young child I would welcome a visit from the man on

the beat to help youngsters understand that they can always go to the policeman if in trouble.

More co-operation between police and individual families might help to solve the problem of teenage crime.—MRS. CHRISTA BURTON, Redmires Road, Sheffield, 10.

## Home's Best

My advice to John MacDougall ("Free Speech," May 16) is to stop regretting the fact that he did not emigrate to Canada twenty years ago. My family and I emigrated thirty-one years ago and returned to Britain after eleven years.

In Canada we could not afford a modern house, could hardly make ends meet and found holidays out of the question.

Since returning to this country we have had a holiday every year, bought our own home and put our three children through college or university. There are plenty of opportunities for success in this country.—MRS. H. M. EVANS, Co-operative Street, Ton, Rhondda, Glamorgan.

## Choice Of Honesty

Claiming sickness benefit from the National Health Insurance people I was given 8s. 4d. too much. They immediately pointed out their error and asked me if I would be willing to repay this sum voluntarily.

Seemingly, by law one is not compelled to pay back excess benefit money. I returned the money—but wonder how many people would pay up knowing they didn't have to.—MORRIS FREEDMAN, Plumstead High Street, London, S.E.18.

**£1,000 CROSSWORD COMPETITION**

Wait for it! The winner of our great free £1,000 Crossword Competition will be announced in JOHN BULL : EVERYBODY'S WEEKLY next week. Make certain of getting this issue by ordering from your newsagent now.

# Once, and once only, she had fired a rifle in fear: the rest of her life fleeing from a

STEVE LACY was playing cards at a rough plank table in the temporary town hall of Big Pass when the stranger came in. Steve was twenty-nine years old then, in February, 1906, and he was chief of police. Just then he was the entire police force in that new, roaring, tough little community on the new railroad.

It was hard to keep a man on to help him, because there was always the likelihood of getting shot in an alley, and the pay wasn't enough for the perils.

The stranger, conspicuous in city clothes, wearing a derby, opened the door and asked: "Is this the police department?"

"Come in and shut that door," Steve advised. "Yes, it is."

"Are you Mr. Lacy, the chief?"

"I'm him," said Steve. "Pull up a chair." He opened the top of the wood stove and threw in another log.

"I'm looking for a young lady," the man said. "Here is my card." The card said he was L. F. Watson, attorney-at-law, from a town in the east that Steve had never heard of.

"Glad to meet you," Steve said. "Some particular young lady?"

"The name is Sarah Fields. Her nickname is Sally. Her relatives want to know where she is and whether she is safe and well."

Steve said: "I don't know her."

"She might be teaching school."

"Not here. We've got three schoolteachers, and I know all of them—Margaret Grimm, Thomasina Chapman, Kitty Jones." *I certainly ought to know them,* he reflected. *Those girls are underfoot all the time because they live in the same house as I do.*

"I have traced her," the stranger said sadly, "to Big Pass almost certainly. She may be working in an office here."

"We haven't got many offices," Steve said, "or girls working in them. Construction work, like we have going on—they mostly hire men." *But there is one girl,* he admitted to himself, *and she came from the east.*

Watson frowned. He reached into his pocket, and Steve guessed it was for a photograph.

Steve repeated: "I don't know any Sarah Fields."

Watson put the photograph on top of the queen of diamonds and said gently: "She might be using another name."

Steve glanced and saw the face he was afraid would be there. She could go by another name; yes. Sarah Meadows—not so different from Fields. *Ah, Sally, Sally! She doesn't smile very often,* he thought, *as she's doing in that picture.* "What's she wanted for?" he growled.

"They—her uncle and aunt—only want to know that she is safe and well. They understand why she had to go away, but they love her, Mr. Lacy, and they wish her nothing but good."

*And so do I,* Steve thought. *So do I.*

"If I run across any Sarah Fields, I could write you," he offered. "Maybe you better give me a description."

"Keep the picture, Mr. Lacy," the man urged. "It will help you to remember what she looks like."

*I don't need anything to help me remember,* Steve reflected. *But it's the only way I'll ever get her picture.* "I only keep track of people who make trouble," he said, but that was not quite true. Sarah, Sally, by any name, lived at his mother's house with the schoolteachers and had been there since early fall.

WATSON said: "So that you will understand why she disappeared, I should tell you what happened."

Steve shrugged. "Why confide in me?"

"If you should find her, it would be better if you understand. She killed a man, Mr. Lacy. She shot him in self-defence — he was making improper advances. He was one of her suitors, a well-to-do young man of excellent social standing. I should mention that she is a very good shot. She used to do much target shooting and go bird hunting with her uncle. The man she shot lured her to a hunting lodge with a lie. She was tried for manslaughter. I defended her, Mr. Lacy, and she went free. But the affair was terrible for her. She went away more than a year ago."

"The only young lady I know around here who is a good shot," Steve said stoutly, "is Thomasina Chapman. She's from Iowa—and she never learned to fire a gun until last fall. Most women won't even touch one." *And Sally is one who refuses; she turns away.*

He had the feeling that Watson could see right through him, that Watson had already obtained all the facts he needed before he ever came to the door.

Watson said, standing up: "Well, thank you. You will be sure not to lose my card?" He didn't say: "You will promise to tell me about Sarah Fields?"

The telephone jangled with the particularly urgent twist used for police calls, and Steve grabbed it. "Yes," he said. . . . "Sure. I'll be right out. . . . Don't worry, I'll come. Just stay in the house. I'll get there in time."

He reached for his rifle and brushed against the visitor without apology. "Lady says there's a mountain lion on her back porch, eating the garbage," he explained, "and the kids are due home from school."

He left Watson there, loped across the alley to the livery stable and jumped on the first horse he came to. Jeff Holly, the hostler, remarked: "Look, our hero rides bareback," and stepped out of the way.

Steve killed the big cat, but got scant thanks for it. The hysterical woman who had summoned him insisted that he take the nasty carcass along with him, but he refused.

He left then, and rode a trail through the jack pines, noted where new houses and shacks and cabins were being built, knew who was building them, tried to visualize this raw new town years in the future. Steve Lacy was a dreamer, and that was why he chose to be the Big Pass police force. He saw the town as a violent, squalling infant, loved by few people, detested by many. He didn't exactly love it, but he pitied it and protected it.

When he got back to the centre of the town, a drunken man greeted him with a happy howl. "Ride 'em, cowboy!" Steve ignored him, but scowled at the lawyer from back east.

Steve rode close and said bitterly: "If a girl that looks kind of like that picture—if she comes by here on her way home from work. . . ." He was in deep, so he plunged on: "If she thinks you look like anybody she knows, it might scare her so you'd never find her again."

"She is safe?" Watson inquired.

"She lives at my mother's house with the schoolteachers," Steve admitted.

"Is she happy?"

"I never asked her," Steve answered and rode on. It was not necessary to ask her. "Happy" was not the word for Sally. Sometimes, when the girls and the young men were all together at Mrs. Lacy's for an evening, Sally relaxed and laughed and was gay for a while. But mostly she just endured. Now he knew why. She had her own Furies to live with.

*Would it make her feel better,* he wondered, *if I told her about mine?*

HE walked home at supper time to the unpainted building, weathered by three winters, where once the men had lived who built a bridge and filled coulees and gnawed down mountainsides, so that the railroad could go through. The old dormitory had one door. At the other end, three windows in a row looked out across space at mountains, and down below was the end of the railroad switchyard with piles of sleepers.

At the door he shouted, and as usual there was ladylike squealing and scampering. He entered to see three young women disappearing into the tiny rooms that opened off the larger common room —the three teachers, dressed all alike in the working girl's uniform, long, slim black skirt and white shirtwaist. His mother was at the stove, laughing at the scurry.

"Margaret was trying a new way to do up Thomasina's hair," she explained.

"Is it so bad if I see one of 'em with her hair down?" Steve asked, amused as always at the fuss. "Or if they see me with my shoes off?"

As always, his mother reminded him, with pursed lips: "Schoolteachers must be careful not to be talked about—and with an unmarried man in the house. . . ."

"Ma, you had me underfoot before you ever took those girls in," Steve reminded her. He poured water from the kettle into the basin. "Is it all right if I unbutton my shirt collar so I can wash my neck?"

"Go on with you," his mother chided. "You don't appreciate your blessings. Think of all the wood and water you don't have to carry, because the girls do it."

"Lacy's slave girls," Steve murmured, and giggles came from the cubicles where the three schoolteachers had taken refuge.

The back door opened while he had soap in his eyes, and he roared: "Ma, don't let them women see me with my neck all bare."

Sally mocked gently: "Schoolteachers have to be so careful, but who cares about girls who work in construction-company offices?"

"I could name seven or eight fellows," Steve said, blinking at her over the towel. He smiled, but her eyes turned away. She hung her coat by the door and took refuge in her room.

AFTER supper his mother and the three teachers flocked off to choir practice. Steve relaxed by the stove, with a little time on his hands before he went out to patrol the alleys.

Sally came and sat for a while on the other side of the stove, reading by the lamp, but restless. *This,* Steve thought, *is the nearest I come to courting her—sitting here quietly, talking if she wants to. Would she want to hear about Furies? Because of the man I killed when he was running, when I meant to hit him in the leg and hit his back instead? Nobody cared except me. Nobody mourned him. But I've still got my Furies, and that was a couple of years ago.*

"Steve," she said. "Nobody else is to know anything about this, but I have to ask you something."

"Anything," he promised. "Go ahead."

"If a girl ought to get married—has to get married—and the man's gone away and they had a fight. . . ." The rest of the words came hurrying. "How could she get somebody to help find him?"

The earth shook—or was it only that his heart jolted? When he had breath enough to speak, he was standing up, saying: "I'll get him. I'll wring his neck if you say so. Or stand up at the

**"You're my girl," Steve told Sally almost angrily. "But you never go anywhere with me alone"**

ILLUSTRATED BY ZELINSKI

# The Lady and

Must she spend
dead man?

# the Killer

by DOROTHY M JOHNSON

*continued from page 4*

wedding. Or—I would be greatly honoured if you would marry me."

She went pale, then reddened. She turned away, choking—with laughter, he realized.

"But it's not me! It's not me. It's one of the teachers—not me. And she doesn't know where her man has gone. Oh, Steve, you are so good, so kind." Sally took a step forward, kissed him and stepped instantly away.

*That's what I get, he thought, for being so good, so kind. One kiss—and I don't even dare put my arms around her, because then she'd never sit with me here.*

"I beg your pardon," he said stiffly. "I apologize for jumping to a conclusion. Who's the man that needs finding?" He delicately did not ask who the girl was.

"Swen Swenson," she answered, and he knew who the girl was—Kitty Jones had led Swen a merry chase. Kitty was the littlest one, the rich one; she had travelled in Europe, her mother lived in Paris. Kitty was the most adventurous one, who didn't need to teach school, but came to Big Pass because she was reckless.

"Swen quit his job," Sally said, "and I looked in our payroll records, but I can't find out where he went."

STEVE almost smiled. "There won't be any problems," he said. "Swen drowned his sorrows and then went to work in a logging camp. I'll send him word, and he'll be back here fast enough to make you dizzy. He'll be a mighty willing bridegroom."

"Thank you, Steve," Sally answered gratefully, both of them pretending he didn't know the girl was Kitty.

Three days later Swen Swenson arrived, roaring, and there was a great deal of excitement when Kitty announced with joyful tears that she had married him at Christmastime in a city two hundred miles to the west. She had gone east at Christmas, but the others loyally forgot that and cried: "You little minx! You fooled us all!"

The second to announce wedding plans was Margaret Grimm—serious, hard-working, for the first time in her life free of family obligations, enjoying her own salary and a room all to herself, with no little brothers or sisters in her bed. Steve heard about her plans from Jeff Holly before even Lacy's other slave girls got the word.

"Margaret's going to marry me," Jeff said. "I'm going to start a department store in Big Pass, best one in the country, and settle down. It's time. And I've got the capital—or my family has. We have a store in Richmond."

"Then why have you been working in that stinking livery stable?" Steve demanded. "For the good of your soul?"

"Something like that. I raised hell back in Virginia. I've been kind of working it off. Margaret—there never was a girl like Margaret! She won't believe yet I can afford to start a business. She thinks she'll work in the store to help out. She thinks I'll go broke, but she's willing anyhow. That's the kind of woman to have, Steve."

"Listen to the bachelor giving advice," Steve jeered. . . .

IN April, Thomasina announced her intention to marry Bill Harris, the dentist. He had not, like some other young men, laid at her feet tanned hides of bobcat or wolf. He had presented no muff of black-bear fur, had brought no stacks of muskrat pelts, no lordly elk head—not even a haunch of venison. She adored such presents, but Harris had been smart—he taught Thomasina herself to stalk and shoot her own game. For Christmas he had given her a rifle.

At the party Mrs. Lacy gave to announce Thomasina's coming marriage, Steve told the bride-to-be: "You act almost as happy as when you brought home your first deer."

Bill Harris slapped Steve's shoulder and demanded: "Why don't you stop running long enough so a girl can catch you?"

Steve replied: "I did stop, but nobody was chasing me."

Sally did not even glance his way, though he knew she had heard and understood.

"Lacy's losing all his slave girls," the dentist commented, "except Sally."

"I'll be moving to another room somewhere," Sally said. "It wouldn't be proper for me to stay here when the others are gone, would it? Even for a girl who works in a construction office."

Steve found a chance to whisper to her: "Meet me outside, I've got to talk to you," and she replied: "I owe you that."

The back stoop was not a place he would have chosen for that conversation, but she wouldn't go any farther.

"You're my girl," he told her almost angrily. "But you never let me court you. You're my girl when the crowd gets together for a taffy pull or a sleigh ride, but you never go anywhere with me alone."

She answered only with a sigh.

"Sally, Sally," he whispered. "You know I love you."

So low he could hardly hear it, she answered: "And I—I love you, Steve. But I'm a roamer, I don't stay any place very long. I keep moving on. And there is something I will never tell you."

"I'll never ask," he said. "Because I know already."

He felt her body go rigid within the circle of his arm.

"Who found out?" she whispered. "Who knows about me—here?"

"Your uncle sent a lawyer to trace you because your people are worried. So I know, but nobody else does."

"Have you any idea what it's like to have done—what I did, and be the subject of a terrible scandal and be haunted by a dead man? I might run away again. From here. From you."

"Not from me. Never from me. I'll run with you. But it's no use, you know. You can't get away from the Furies."

She challenged: "Who told you about the Furies?"

"I read about them long ago in a book on mythology, the Furies who torment people. And—I have my own. I shot a man."

"I never heard that. Nobody talks about it."

"Nobody cares that he's gone. He was a murderer. But the Furies care. And I do."

"We understand each other, Steve."

"Enough. Enough to get along the rest of our lives."

"If I ever have to run—because someone finds out—would you go with me? Wait before you answer. You love this town. You feel like a father watching your baby grow. You plan to stay here."

"I plan to, yes. But any time you say, I'll pull up stakes."

"I still don't know," Sally mused unhappily. She began to cry, but wiped her eyes with an angry sweep. "I mustn't let anyone see tears at Thomasina's engagement party." She went back into the house, smiling, with her head high.

In the morning, Saturday, Steve was up earlier than the girls. His mother, flipping hot cakes for his breakfast, was full of plans for the day. "Kitty's coming over, and we'll all sew like mad for the brides. Sally gets off at noon to join us. So much to do! Poor boy, losing your slave girls!"

"Useless lot," Steve growled. "They make good decorations, though."

As he was buckling on his shoulder holster so the revolver would nestle comfortably under his left arm, under his shirt, respectably out of sight, but handy, the telephone jangled. When he answered, the night man sounded excited.

"Trouble, Steve. Robbery at the Headlight Saloon, and a stabbing. In the alley behind it. Man ran, and the railroad cop says he's hiding out in a boxcar." He turned away, then added: "Two men hiding, they say."

"I'll be right down," Steve answered calmly. He kissed his mother lightly and closed the door as he went out.

Half an hour later he telephoned and asked for Sally. She sounded sleepy, but she woke up fast.

"Your boss says not to come to work," he advised. "Stay away from the yards. And tell the others not to come down-town, not to come near the tracks. Get around to the neighbours and spread the word, will you? We've got two men cornered in the yards and they're desperate. We've got guards out, but they could get loose into town. Tell the women and kids to stay home."

"We'll tell them, Steve," she answered, asking no questions.

Lacy's slave girls were the messengers. They rushed from the house, fluttering, and scattered like doves.

The message spread and rumour sped faster. The truth was that two desperate men were besieged all day in two separate boxcars down near the passenger depot, and the sides of the cars were splintered with bullet holes before it was over.

The brides-elect and the bride, Kitty, and Steve's girl, Sally, did some very bad sewing that day, after they fluttered back from carrying the warning. Always one of them kept watch out the windows to report whether anything moved among the standing freight cars and heavy machinery and stacked sleepers. But nothing did till late afternoon.

Lacy's slave girls imitated gaiety while they sewed and waited. Each of them had a man who was in the yards somewhere, armed, waiting, watching, somewhere in the yards that stretched in a jumble of track for half a mile that they could not see even from the windows. Each of them knew her man was there, because they were that kind of men, on hand in emergencies, willing to take risks. But none of the girls spoke of the risks.

ONE reason for their almost calmness was that Mrs. Lacy was calm. She made doughnuts and pies because the boys would be hungry when they got back. The girls sewed, waiting and watching, clinging to the implicit promise that if food was being prepared, their men would come safely back to eat it.

Mrs. Lacy put her last pie in the oven and sat down, sighing, to fan herself. "There hasn't been a sound of gunfire at all," she remarked, and the girls gabbled: "Not a sound. . . . Probably nothing is happening at all."

They knew better, because there had been shouting from time to time all day, shouts in strong voices of men, but too far away for the words to carry.

Then there was a shot, in a place they could not see, followed by many more. And after that, a long silence.

"It's supper time," Mrs. Lacy remarked. "I'll fix us something."

"Down below, it's all in shadow now," Thomasina said from the window.

"I'd better light the lamps," said Margaret Grimm.

"I don't think you should," Kitty Swenson advised. "Because then we couldn't see anything down there."

"It's my turn at the window," said Sally.

"Get down, get down," Thomasina said urgently. "Some men are running now. But who are they? Who are they?"

All the women were at the windows then, on their knees—Lacy's slave girls and Lacy's mother, watching the shadows below.

"There's my Swen—I'd know those shoulders anywhere," cried Kitty, and began to weep on Margaret's shoulder after she saw him duck safely behind a stack of sleepers.

The other men they did not identify, but the one who was pursued they saw at last.

"Look," whispered Mrs. Lacy. "With a black cap on. Skulking where our boys can't see him."

Kneeling, they watched him move, skilfully hiding in one shadowed place

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## Poet in the Garden

June is the month of roses. Keep them growing
By cutting off the faded flowers, by hoeing,
And if the weather's dry, use grass, fresh mown,
Or leafy mulches. Rock plants may be sown,
And watch your pinks, take off all leaves that show
A livid purple spot, and look below
The plants for slugs and wireworms. Pinks love lime,
Crushed mortar, sand, but no manure, their time
Is short, but oh, how sweet they are! Try growing
Both laced and alpine kinds, and choose, for showing
The neat, carnation-flowering sorts. In June
Take cuttings from all pinks. Time now to prune
Red and white currants, plums when full in leaf,
Less danger then that they will come to grief.
Cut back aubrietia, close as sheep are shorn,
And plant out broccoli, cabbage and sweet corn.

MARGARET STANLEY-WRENCH

He's racing's quiet man of magic—the top trainer who never needs to gamble

Murless (centre) hates dressing formally. But this was a special occasion—a royal victory in the 1957 Oaks

# The Queen backs a winner–Noel Murless

*by W. E. ARMSTRONG*

WHEN, on April 14, a colt called Pindari won the Craven Stakes at Newmarket, there was much speculation in racing circles about his future. The win was unexpected, and what people wanted to know was whether or not he would be started for the season's first "classic," the Two Thousand Guineas.

In similar circumstances the decision is usually left to the trainer who, after all, should know the horse better than anyone else. But this case was different. Pindari belongs to the Queen, and neither her trainer, Noel Murless, nor her racing manager, Captain Charles Moore, had a conclusive influence in the matter.

It was not because they hesitated to sway the judgment of the Sovereign, but because they knew that the Queen was perfectly capable of making the decision herself.

Pindari failed in the "Guineas," but the fact that two such experts were willing to leave the verdict to Her Majesty was a considerable compliment to her knowledge of racing and horseflesh.

Ever since the Queen's great-grandfather, Edward VII, took a considerable and successful interest in horse racing, it has been traditional for modern monarchy to patronize the turf.

Patronage, with its suggestion of benevolent but somewhat distant interest, is not the word that applies to Queen Elizabeth's participation in horse racing. She is a practical and incorrigible racegoer. Anyone who has ever seen her at a meeting will know that she enjoys the tang of the game—the measured activity of the paddock, the turmoil of Tattersall's ring, the tension before the "off" and the excitement of the race itself.

Her excitement has often been a personal one. As the leading owner in the 1954 and 1957 seasons, and a close second in the list last year, Her Majesty knows as much as any owner about the pains and rewards of running horses.

In 1953 she experienced the breathless disappointment of seeing her good horse Aureole beaten into second place in the Derby by Pinza. As is customary, the winning jockey, who was Sir Gordon Richards, was called into the royal box.

Sir Gordon, whose first Derby win this was in his long career, would have been less than human if he had not expressed his pleasure at winning, but he added that he regretted that his win had to be at the Queen's expense. He looked, indeed, so put out about it that Her Majesty came to his rescue.

## A royal pardon

"Don't worry, Sir Gordon," she said with a soothing smile, "we are not going to put you in the Tower of London for *that*."

It is this lack of protocol and the sympathetic familiarity with which she moves through their world that has endeared the Queen to the very close but varied circle of racing men and women. She is not only an important owner—many important owners are unknown to the public—she is one of the "racing crowd," admired for her loyalty to the sport and respected for her knowledge of it.

The admiration and respect will not diminish as the seasons go on, for the Queen is greatly extending her racing interests. This season she has twenty-four horses in training and already her colours of purple, gold braid and scarlet sleeves have been seen at the head of the field.

One of the men who will be in the weighing room when the number of a royal winner goes up in the frame will be Noel Murless, who trains some of Her Majesty's horses at Warren Place, Newmarket. The Queen, of course, has to have a trainer, but the fact that she sends her horses to Warren Place is not quite fortuitous.

As a trainer Murless lives by and with horses. What sets him apart from most of his profession is that, essentially, he also lives *for* horses. They are his living in a sense very far removed from meaning that they assure his considerable income.

"I reckon," says a senior and Irish "lad" in some puzzlement when asked about Murless's gentle power over horses, "that he's just a horse-man."

Many highly efficient trainers quite legitimately think of the animals in their charge as a means to an end, of no more and no less importance in themselves than lengths of cloth to a wool merchant, or houses to a contracting builder.

But every one of the horses, and that means over a thousand, that has passed through Murless's hands has been an end in itself, a personality in its own right.

"I have never wished to do anything but work and live with horses," he says, "and I never have. I love them."

That may be one of the reasons why the Queen sends the horses leased to

*continued from previous page*

her from the National Stud to Warren Place. Another could be that Her Majesty, who has a deep and authentic knowledge of bloodstock breeding, knows it to be her trainer's first interest.

For Noel Murless is not a "racing" man. All small trainers must bet to keep themselves in the business. Many of the big men bet because they like it. Murless has never had a bet, and the so-called spectacular side of racing attracts him not at all.

He is, naturally, at every meeting where his horses are running, but he is there for duty and not for pleasure. "You spend your time waiting and walking about," he grumbles. "Meetings are an infernal bore. As soon as my horse has run I make for home as fast as I can."

Few men in racing history who trained the Derby winner have had the character or wish to avoid the traditional junketings that follow: the special champagne and the even more special guests, the interminable dinner, the toasts and the boasts.

## His big splash

When Crepello won the Derby two years ago Murless lost his head. He collected his fifteen-year-old daughter from school and treated her and his wife to a small celebration. "We were back at Warren Place and in bed by nine-thirty," he adds when recalling this orgiastic evening. "My first string goes out at six-thirty, you know."

It is this dedication to one increasing purpose, which is the welfare and betterment of the horses in his charge, that has made Charles Francis Noel Murless, at a phenomenally early age, the most consistently successful of modern British trainers.

Most men who reach this eminence are in their late fifties or early sixties; Murless is forty-nine. Very tall, with a strong bony face touched with humour, he is one of the best looking men on the turf.

He was born near Chester ("but I have never won a race there in my life") of foxhunting farmer stock, and although he built up his glittering reputation in the south, has sturdily stayed a north countryman.

"The north, especially Yorkshire," he insists, "is the real cradle and home of the thoroughbred," and one feels that, happy though he is in the dignified opulence of Warren Place surrounded by some of the costliest horseflesh in the world, his heart is in his own small stud farm which he has established in the North Riding.

## Hack with a past

At Warren Place one of his hacks is the Queen Mother's old steeplechaser Devon Loch, who so dramatically fell in the straight with the Grand National at his mercy in 1955. Murless sits Devon Loch with the long relaxed seat of the jump rider, and it was as an amateur, and afterwards professional, National Hunt jockey, that the young Murless first entered racing.

Later he was taken under the wing of the late Hubert Hartigan as combined head lad, assistant trainer and secretary. Nobody, Murless believes, has ever known more about racing than the Irish Hartigan, and it was with him that he so abundantly mastered the principles of his many-sided trade.

When, but not before, he had done that, Murless set up on his own at Hambledon, in Yorkshire. It was a small stable, a poor stable in everything but hard work and an instinctive but now comprehensive knowledge of thoroughbreds.

"The man was a marvel," says a trainer who knew him in those days. "He would buy a horse on three legs and make him gallop as if he had five."

The records are there. Murless bought broken-down horses, throw-outs from other stables, nursed them and made them win. Most difficult of all, he coaxed horses soured with too much racing to take a new zest in it and, after a few weeks of the Murless treatment, had notorious "rogues," with which other trainers could do nothing, eating out of his hand.

Murless loved Hambledon and perhaps would like to be there now. But his talents had not gone unseen. They were appreciated, notably, by an enthusiastic Sir Gordon Richards—a man not conspicuous for effusiveness—who often rode for the young Yorkshire trainer.

Another who watched Murless was the legendary Fred Darling, the Master of Beckhampton and the greatest trainer of his time. When Darling retired in 1947 Murless, to his great astonishment, was asked to succeed him.

He admits frankly that he did not want to move. But horses are horses, wherever they are, and Beckhampton could take him to the top of his profession—if he made a success of it.

Murless made a success of it. In the next, his first full, season, he headed the trainers' list with £67,000 in stakes and marked the first of his classic trophies by sending out the filly Queenpot to win the One Thousand Guineas at Newmarket.

Many who did not know the new man from Yorkshire thought this a flash in the pan, but Murless confounded them by winning the next year's St. Leger with Ridge Wood and yielding only to Frank Butters in the trainers' list, with sixty-six races won for a total of £62,537 in stakes.

He was consistently successful in Berkshire, but Beckhampton did not suit him. Physically under par there, he felt he could not give his best to his horses. When the chance of acquiring Warren Place came up at the end of 1951, Murless negotiated and moved to Newmarket the next year in a great convoy of horse boxes, pantechnicons and trucks, for the majority of his patrons left their horses in his charge.

Among them was the Queen, who often visits Warren Place, especially when she happens to be at Sandringham. That no extraordinary arrangements are made when the Queen makes it known that she is motoring over is typical of the way Murless and his wife run the establishment. Built of mellow red brick, its house and yards circled by towering trees in eleven acres of paddocks and fields, Warren Place is one of the finest stables in the country.

In other hands it could be a place of excessive "spit and polish," of ringing bells and imperious whistles, of parade ground precision for the seventy horses and sixty staff it houses. That would be foreign to both Murless and his wife Gwen, herself a polished horsewoman and near as horse-wise as her husband.

"We like to do things quietly here," she explains in her soft Scottish voice. "We don't care much for a fuss—nor do the horses."

"Mr. Murless," says Jack Russell, one of his two head lads—Murless has no assistant trainer—"is a sort of sober man. He doesn't like things overdone."

It would be overdoing things to plait a horse's fore top when he races, a mere useless decoration. Murless does not plait fore tops. But the mane might possibly hinder a jockey in the race. Murless plaits the manes.

There are no girls in Murless's yard, though stable boys are in short supply and most trainers are glad to have girls. "Some of them are all right," he says, "but I don't like girls working my horses. And I won't have a boy who doesn't like horses." It is no accident that there is a waiting list of boys eager to work at Warren Place.

"You don't get shouted at here," one of the boys confided. "The guv'nor doesn't ask you to do more than you can. And you eat well."

The unfussy, dignified atmosphere of the yard is reflected in the house where, when they are not on the heath or at a race meeting, Murless and his wife live with their horse-mad daughter Julia and two lurcher hounds, Mitzi and Mickey.

Showing you round the dining-room, where a horse painting by Herring glows above the fireplace, Murless, if you did not spot it, would not draw attention to the silver salver presented by his patrons, headed by the Queen, after his wonderful year of 1957 when his horses won the record sum of £116,000 in stakes.

But he stops, with understandable pride, at a table on which are starred four racing plates mounted on silver plaques: those of Crepello, Ridge Wood, Carrozza and Queenpot—the fillies and colts which have won him all five classic races.

"No trainer," he murmurs diffidently, "has such a collection as that."

It is here that the Queen has lunch, after she has watched her horses working. The talk, naturally, will be about horses.

Neither Murless nor his wife, as one would expect, talk about their patrons, and will say very little about the Queen except that she enjoys every moment of her visits to Warren Place, as does everyone else there when she comes.

## The ideal owner

As an owner, it can be inferred, the Queen must approach the ideal. She knows what she wants, and if she is getting it she leaves well alone. "The Queen," said Murless, "leaves the running of her horses to me. And I give no orders to my jockeys. I tell them if the horse has any peculiar characteristics, such as impetuosity at the gate or nervousness in the paddock. Otherwise I leave it to them. They would not be riding for me if I couldn't."

A detail, but an important one, which pleases Murless, is the Queen's aptitude for naming her horses, which she invariably does herself.

What could be more happily named than the beautiful chestnut filly, by Court Martial out of Three Weeks, which Murless will send out in the royal colours this year? The Queen named her Short Sentence. A two-year-old, also in Murless's yard, by Supreme Court out of Castelloza she has called Super Fortress.

The Queen, who was leading owner in 1954 and again in 1957, has eight horses in Warren Place. Four are three-year-olds, the remainder two-year-olds. Besides Pindari (which had to be scratched from this year's Derby) and a colt called Testudo, which should both do well, there is quiet confidence in the fillies Short Sentence and White House. But Murless, not being a racing man, will make no extravagant claims for any of them.

He will continue, as he has always done with all his horses, be they owned by a butcher or a queen, in his endeavour to make a good horse a better horse, and by making it a better race horse, to breed a stronger and more enduring line.

If there is one reproach that one can take to Noel Murless it is that he considers his horses too much; that he works them too gradually and that he will never give one a hard race. Murless admits to this freely.

He will not try a horse too far, and if he has the slightest suspicion that it is not absolutely fit for a race he will advise the owner to strike it out—whatever the stakes and whatever the weight of money on it.

Among many encouraging things at Warren Place is Murless's belief in the future of English racing. He is not among those who predict the slow degeneration of our bloodstock, and neither is the Queen, who is enlarging her private stud at Sandringham.

"Certainly," says Murless, "the Americans and others are buying our good horses. That means that they are very good. We must breed, and are breeding, better horses to replace them."

This opinion is enthusiastically shared, both academically and practically, by his royal owner. THE END

# COLOUR FILM

**WILLIAM KEAN SEYMOUR**

*Tares of the field, how swift you run,*
*Ecstatic in the wind and sun,*
*A myriad elves in mauve and green,*
*The loveliest pageant ever seen!*
*For each glimpse on a summer's day*
*Betters the best the heart can say.*

*The bush vetch and sweet-scented grass*
*In dancing columns gaily pass,*
*Along the hedge, beside the grove,*
*All fairyland in green and mauve.*

*Show me a ballet matching this,*
*A hedgerow running wild with bliss*
*Of windblown tendril, sunkissed blade,*
*Full-tilt in June's bright cavalcade!*
*For each glimpse on a summer's day*
*Betters the best the heart can say.*

They can enter your home, tap your phone and read your mail. Here's how you can hit back

# Do they ALL have the right to push you around?

by FENTON BRESLER

A PROSPEROUS-LOOKING middle-aged man was walking briskly through the streets of a south London suburb just after midnight. In his hand he held a large brown paper bag. Suddenly, a torch shone on him and a young policeman stood in his way. "Where have you been?" asked the policeman.

When the man said that he had been visiting his mother-in-law, the policeman looked dubious. "People don't visit their mothers-in-law at this time of night," he said knowingly. "What have you got in that bag?"

The man did not argue. He opened the bag and invited the policeman to investigate its contents.

As he thrust his hand into the bag, the constable gasped and withdrew, his fingers wet and bloody from contact with three pounds of clammy horseflesh. Only then did the man explain that he was taking home some meat for his dog.

The police claim that this kind of activity, annoying though it may be to private citizens, is a necessary part of their job. If they see someone acting suspiciously, they say, it is only proper that they should stop him and find out what he is doing. This is fair enough. The snag is the difficulty of defining what is "suspicious behaviour."

Professor Ian Aird, the distinguished surgeon, was stopped recently by two policemen in London's Park Lane at about midnight. When he refused to show them the contents of his brief case they asked him to accompany them to the police station.

The lateness of the hour had obviously influenced the police in this case, but on another occasion, a Londoner waiting in broad daylight for a friend outside a main-line railway station, with a parcel under his arm, was asked by a policeman to explain what he was doing and give his name and address.

In theory, the police have very little authority to act in this fashion. No policeman can stop, question or detain any person merely because he suspects that he may have been party to a theft. He can request co-operation, but he cannot insist. He certainly cannot demand to examine the person's possessions.

Exceptionally, however, a municipal corporation may have steered through Parliament a private Act empowering the local police, within the confines of the town, to "stop, search and detain persons reasonably suspected of having or conveying anything stolen or unlawfully obtained."

A number of local police forces in England and Wales have this power, among them London, Liverpool, Barrow-in-Furness, Manchester, Oldham, Rochdale and Salford. In London the police powers are unrestricted, but in the provincial areas they have the right to arrest a person on suspicion of theft only if the suspect refuses to give his name and address.

This is no mere formality. During the years of rationing, two Liverpool policemen saw a man in overalls cycling home at about 10.30 p.m. They stopped him and asked what was inside a bag on the back of his bicycle.

He replied that it was soap flakes (then rationed) which had been given him by his mate at the garage where he worked. On being asked if his mate was still there, he said that by now the man would have gone for the night. Without further questioning, he was taken to a police station and charged with being in unlawful possession of the soap flakes.

At his trial he was entirely exonerated. He promptly sued the police and won his case. Even if the facts had warranted "reasonable suspicion" the arrest would still have been invalid. The police had failed to ask him his name and address.

In Scotland the police forces of most major towns have an unrestricted right to "stop, search and detain" even if the person questioned gives his name and address. But outside the burghs the county police have no such rights.

## They go too far

There are few reported cases in which a person wrongly stopped in the street has bothered to pursue the matter and take the policeman to court. Technically, he could sue the constable for false imprisonment, in "imprisoning" his movements during the period of questioning.

Sometimes a policeman who has gone too far will make the mistake of himself taking the case to court. One evening, as people milled around the ticket machines in a London Underground station, a constable noticed a man banging one of the machines.

He asked what was the trouble and the man replied that he had put in two sixpences but neither had produced a ticket. The policeman told him that he would be reported for tampering with the machine and demanded his name and address.

When the man—now thoroughly irate—refused to give it, the constable arrested him for obstructing a policeman in the exercise of his duty.

The next day at Old Street the magistrate, Mr. Harold Sturge, threw out the charge. He said that the policeman had exceeded his authority.

## Get out, he said

Professor Glanville Williams, of Cambridge University, has written: "The general principle of the common law is that neither a private person nor a constable has any effective power to demand the name and address of any person."

In certain circumstances, the police have the right to enter business premises to conduct inquiries — particularly licensed premises. But generally they must leave once the owner tells them.

Some years ago two policemen in the East End of London saw a lorry which they thought was causing an obstruction in the road outside a garage. When they came back five minutes later, the lorry had been moved into the garage. They went in and asked to see the person in charge of the vehicle. Instead of complying, the garage owner told them to get out. They made no move, so he attacked them with his fists.

He was later charged with assaulting and obstructing the policemen in the course of their duty, but the magistrate said that from the moment he had asked the policemen to leave, they had become trespassers and were no longer acting in the course of their duty. Since they had not charged the man with a plain assault—to which he would have had no answer—he was acquitted.

Sometimes it is necessary for the police to enter private premises and question private citizens, but—except where they come on premises to arrest a man (when they can, if refused admission, break down the door)—they can do so only if they hold a search warrant.

This is a document signed by a magistrate empowering the police to enter, by force if necessary, the place or premises named. The warrant is granted only on the basis of a sworn statement by a responsible officer that

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He wasn't really a bookie's runner—he was just helping

# MY DAD AND

THE day before April the Fifth won the Derby for Tom Walls, I stood on the hearth-stoned step of the public bar trying to catch my father's eye and get him to give me the money for the milkman. I was eleven then, and motherless, and we were still in our two upstairs rooms off the Old Kent Road. Dad was on a week's leave from his job as a postman.

Suddenly, I heard the shrilling of police-whistles from down the street, and Johnnie Coles, our local bookie's runner, pelted into the pub. "Sorry, son," he gasped as he cannoned me up against the door. "Open up, Jago! Flaxman's on to me."

Jago the barman flung up the flap, opened the door into the private part of the house, flattened himself as Johnnie flashed past, ran out from behind the bar, pulled a bench away from the wall and pushed it across the swing doors. I picked myself up and was promptly knocked down again by a policeman. He pushed at the swing-doors but they jammed on the bench. He blew his whistle violently.

"Open up there!" he shouted. "Get that bench away."

"Sorry, Sergeant," said Jago, putting down his broom. "Just sweeping out."

My father and the other bar-props came over to move the bench. Fiddler Murphy slipped down and got stuck under it. The sergeant pushed at the doors, and Fiddler yelled blue murder.

"Careful now, Sergeant," said Jago. "We'll have him out in a jiffy."

Eventually they got Fiddler clear and Sergeant Flaxman darted around the bar like a ferret, looking behind curtains, under tables. He tried to lift the flap but it was bolted down.

"Excuse me," said Jago quietly. "But that side of the house is not public, Sergeant. Unless, of course, you have a warrant——"

"All right, my lad. We both know the rules. And we both know he went through there. But he'll be clear away by this time, thanks to you lot and your obstruction of the law." Sergeant Flaxman took a deep breath of patience, filling out his big blue chest. "But I can wait. Tell him, when you see him, that I'll get him in my own good time. And some of you, too, I hope."

He stalked out. From behind the bar, somewhere in the house, came a loud groan. "Oh! Ohhhh! Jago . . . Jago!"

"Lord love us," said the barman. "Johnnie's still here."

They all dived under the flap and came back a minute later carrying Johnnie Coles.

"Easy," he gasped. "I tripped going down the steps and something cracked in my right ankle."

"It's a grace that he didn't go through after you," Fiddler said.

"It was that. But if I'd not fallen, I'd have been in the bus and half-way to the Elephant by now."

We were, of course, the victims of the betting laws, which made it an offence to bet off the course with ready money. Completely unmolested, you could place your credit bets by letter or telephone. But you don't get credit when you bet, as we did, in sixpenny trebles and threepence each way. So, in the Old Kent Road, we wrote our bets on slips of paper and handed them to the bookie's runner. Each of the runners had a series of pitches where he waited at known times to take your bets or pay you out. And he wasn't called a runner for nothing.

At each of Johnnie Coles's pitches there was an established, ever-open escape route. For example, the Boar's Head bolt-hole took him through the public bar, down the front cellar steps, across the cellar, up the back steps into the yard, over a wall and along the back of the dairy, into the back garden of Mrs. Hitchcock's, up the passage, out the front door two streets away, into the main road and on to the first bus that came along.

They tied a bandage round Johnnie's ankle and he tried to stand on it.

"Ouch! Murder!" he muttered. "I'll never walk on it. I can't get to the guv'nor's today."

JAGO telephoned to Mr. Cohen the bookmaker and he arrived in a taxi. He looked at the swollen ankle.

"Oi-yoi! Johnnie," he said. "You'll have to get to hospital and have that looked at."

"I'm afraid you're right, guv'nor. I'm sorry to let you down like this, with tomorrow Derby Day and all."

"Can't be helped, Johnnie," said Mr. Cohen philosophically, "the book'll look sick, real sick, but it can't be helped."

"How do you mean?" asked my father.

"Like this. We take a lot of bets at long prices on the days before a big race and we reckon to get our balance made up properly when the flood of starting-price bets come in on the day of the race. Now, with Johnnie down we shan't be able to collect any bets round here at all tomorrow."

I don't think my father or Fiddler understood, but they both nodded wisely.

"I see," said my father. "So nobody

by PATRICK RYAN

ILLUSTRATED BY NORMAN MANSBRIDGE

out a pal. But the police didn't look at it like that

# THE DERBY

will be able to have their annual flutter?"

"That's about it. . . ."

My father smote the bar. "A moment, Mr. Cohen," he said. "I'm on leave this week. I'll do Johnnie's job for you tomorrow."

"You will?" beamed Mr. Cohen. "That'll be great."

And that was how my father became a bookie's runner's sick relief for Derby Day. His stint was from eleven till two and, since we were off school that week, I decided to keep watch.

BECAUSE of the Catholic church and school in our district, there was, in addition to our Irish contingent, an Italian colony, devoted to the sale of ice-cream and hot chestnuts. My father stood in an alley flanked by ice-cream barrows and quietly took the slips.

Trade was brisk and all was going well until about one o'clock. Then I noticed a policeman sidling along the wall; another hopping from barrow to barrow; yet another bobbing furtively at the far end of the alley.

Sergeant Flaxman was springing a surprise! He was coming to surprise Johnnie Coles . . . and he looked like getting my old man.

"Look out, Dad!" I yelled. "Coppers!"

My father shoved the last slip in his pocket and, moving fast for the bulk of him, ran across the road and into the entrance of his escape route, the front door of Jippy Paleto's cobbler's shop. It was the best of Johnnie Coles's bolt-holes: he used to go through to the workroom, down the trap-door to the basement, along the cellar which ran out under the alley at the back, up through the round coal-hole, over the wall into the rag-and-bone man's yard, over another wall, through a house, and there he was three streets away on the bus-route before the police had even got Jippy to unbolt the door.

My father slammed the shop-door and slipped the bolt. Jippy swept the pile of old boots away from the trap-door and opened it. My father pelted down the ladder and across the cellar. . . .

While the police raced up to Jippy's door, I nipped around to the back to see the quarry safely across the alley. I got there to find his head and one arm poking up out of the coal-hole, his face red with effort, wriggling and struggling to get the rest of himself through. I took hold of his flailing hand and pulled as hard as I could.

"Steady, boy," he gasped. "You're breaking me neck."

It was no good. Johnnie weighed about nine stone; my father over thirteen. He hadn't a hope of getting up through that coal-hole, and so I pushed him back.

"You'd better lie low," I said. "The coppers might come round here."

I slipped the round lid back and pulled a dustbin over it. A policeman came into sight at the other end of the alley and stood watchfully. I nipped back to the shop to warn Jippy.

Sergeant Flaxman was hammering on the door. "Open up, now!" he was shouting. "We know he's in there."

"Alla righta, Sergente," came from inside. "The door, she stuck, but I get it open right away." After a minute of fumbling the door opened. Jippy spread his arms before his leather apron in welcome. "Gooda morning, Sergente," he said. "Verra sorry about the door. You wanna your boots mended?"

"I don't want none of your lip," growled Flaxman. "I'm going to have him this time."

He searched quickly around the shop and the workroom. I came in, looking simple.

"My dad sent me about the boots, Jippy," I said. "He can't get out from where he is now himself. He said to tell you he just can't get through. . . ."

Jippy cottoned on, and his eyebrows shot up in alarm.

SERGEANT FLAXMAN said: "Beat it son, Jippy's busy." He pushed aside some of the old boots and looked at the corner of the trapdoor. Then he tried the door which led up to the rooms above. It was locked.

"Now, Paleto. I want that door opened. And then that trap. . . ."

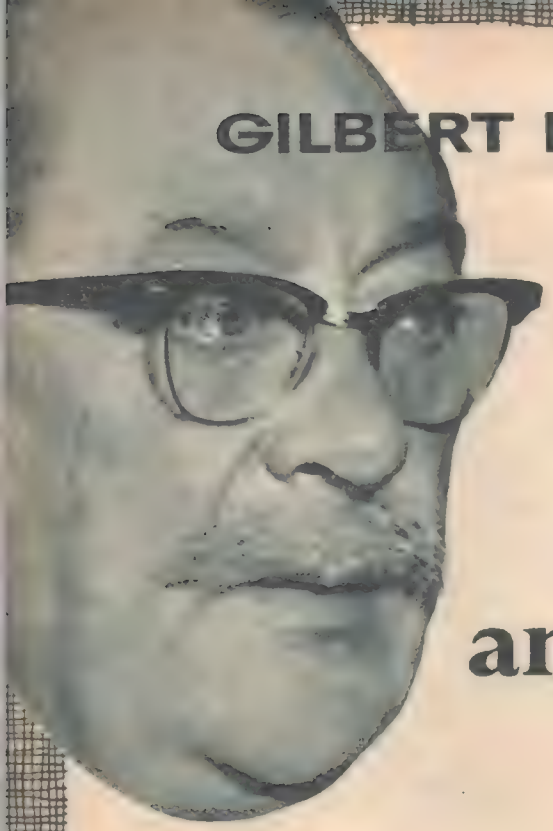
His forehead glistening, Jippy spread his hands and smiled ingratiatingly. "Sure, Sergente," he said. "Anything you say. Just so long as I don't break no law. I'm only poor Italiano that don't know from nothing. You're a great and clever sergente and I bet you gotta warrant to search my house right in your pocket. I bet you just gonna put that warrant down on my counter and then I'm gonna open up everything like you say. . . ."

Flaxman breathed long and hard through his nose.

"All right, Jippy," he said. "It'll take me a bit longer, that's all. I know he's in here somewhere and I've got four men around the place that'll see he doesn't get out." He called in a constable. "Our friend here is being difficult. I'm going back to the station to arrange a warrant. You stay here and see that no one goes in or out of here while I'm away. It'll take me an hour, at least, maybe two, but he's safe in here all right and you're to see he stays."

The policeman took up station with

**"Look out, Dad!" I yelled. "Coppers!" My father pocketed the last betting slip and headed for the escape route as fast as he could shift his bulk**



# GILBERT HARDING SAYS...

# Look back– and take heart

I AM fifty-two this week. No great age, my friends say to reassure me. I suppose it is not. Yet the half century through which I have lived has brought more change, for good and ill, than any other fifty years in man's turbulent history.

When I was born in Hereford workhouse on Derby day, June 5, the doctor came in a horse-drawn carriage and, after a decent interval, he sent in a bill. There, to begin with, are two remarkable differences.

In 1907 a motor-car was a wonder to be stared at. Long-distance traffic all went by the railways—and you could get from Hereford to Paddington just as quickly as, and sometimes a lot quicker than, you can today. But all the winding, wild-flower-edged roads and lanes saw nothing faster than a gig or a bicycle. Old dogs could lie, sunning themselves, in the middle of main roads.

The petrol age is younger than I am. I wish it had never been born.

The passing of the doctor's bill is another matter, not to be regretted. Today the young take maternity benefits and free health for granted. Yet, as a lad, I heard poor mothers tell of having to put a half-crown down on a doctor's desk before their sick child would be seen.

Illness was a double tragedy; it impoverished, and it harrowed the heart, because of the knowledge that a child, or a loved parent, was not getting the necessary treatment and medicines because of the cost.

The companions of my childhood were old men and women *sans* spectacles, *sans* dentures, *sans* everything, to parody Shakespeare's last of the seven ages of man. They were waiting for merciful death in a workhouse, the flotsam of harsher times when there were no pensions. They were, let me add, the kindest of folk, as warm as charity is cold.

## The barefoot boys

In Hereford I did not see much of the grinding poverty that was tolerated elsewhere. A headmaster in a Liverpool school once told me that many of his ragged pupils came to school barefoot. He had a number of pairs of "police boots" to issue to very hard cases. These boots were specially stamped so that they would be immediately recognizable and no pawnbroker would accept them as a pledge.

The "good old days"? What rubbish! I am talking about things that happened to many men who are not yet fifty. Perhaps that thought will help the young—lapping milk at school, transported to school in buses—to realize why, sometimes, we older people find them spoiled, ungrateful and insufferable, and can hardly refrain from clipping them a smart one across the head.

Fifty years ago this July—when I was two—Blériot flew across the Channel in half an hour. His aircraft was on view in Selfridge's and caused as much stir as would a flying-saucer today.

"A foolish waste of money," said the then editor of the *Daily Express*. "Flying across the Channel means nothing after you have done it. You can't carry goods or passengers."

It was not very long before planes were carrying bombs.

When I was fifteen, my science master, Edge, set up a "cat's whisker" wireless receiver and, with no inkling of what was to be my fate in the television age, I listened to the voices in the headphones and marvelled.

## My hero worship

The young, with their television, seeing nightly in the parlour the faces of popes and monarchs, popular pundits and politicians, are never likely to be as thrilled as I was when, on Shrewsbury railway station, I saw and recognized Lloyd George. I suppose, because I was wearing a blue coat and white bibs, my Bluecoat School uniform, he very generously paid for the magazines I was buying.

My boyhood ventures into hero worship were always brief but sensational. When Ramsay MacDonald came to Wolverhampton I broke bounds and defied orders to go and see him. In my enthusiasm I leaped on to the running-board of his controversial Daimler car and a press camera accidentally secured evidence against me which I could not deny.

More legitimately, I saw Lord Haig returning from the wars and saw the young Prince of Wales with his hair of that unlikely shade of gold.

Talking of gold, I can remember my grandfather paying for our railway tickets, to go on a holiday to Aldeburgh, with golden sovereigns.

Of course I am "farther off from Heaven than when I was a boy." But, in one way, it is heartening to look back. Fifty-two years, as my friends remind me, is not a long time.

But in that time, even if the gold has gone, and even if we do still hang people, the world, with all its faults, is a kinder place than it was when first I knew it. THE END



*continued from previous page*

his back to the door, a yard away from the trap.

Jippy's shop was on the corner of a crossroads, at the end of the block flanked by the road at the front and the alley at the back. There were only two ways out of the cellar—the trapdoor and the undersized coal-hole. Just around the corner, in the side-wall between the front road and the alley, there was a flat iron grating which let light down into the cellar. Its bars were only about an inch apart and there was no hope of anyone getting out through them. There was one policeman in the alley, another one at the front, one patrolling up and down the side of the shop, and one sitting over the trapdoor.

Clearly me and my old man were back in trouble with ignominy and the magistrates' court staring us straight in the face. But we had an hour or two before Sergeant Flaxman came back, and so I went up to the Boar's Head and told Fiddler Murphy all about it.

"Holy Mother!" he said. He gathered the brotherhood of the public bar together and we went down to reconnoitre from a discreet distance.

"The only hope is that grating," said Fiddler. "If we could get that off somehow, he might be able to make a bolt for it." A cold thought struck him. "Tell me, boy. Has he got the slips down there?"

"Yes."

"And has he matches or a lighter?"

"No. He doesn't smoke. My father always said he had no small vices."

Fiddler whistled. "Then for love's sake, how will he destroy the slips?"

"But why does he have to?" I asked.

"If they catch you with the slips on you, you're a dead cert conviction, boy. If you haven't any slips on you, they've only got their evidence that they saw people giving you slips, and then your lawyer's got a chance."

"You mean, if they find my dad down there with the slips, he'll get convicted and go to prison?"

"Now, now," said Fiddler. "It's not that bad. He'll only get fined and Mr. Cohen'll pay for that."

"But what about his job?" put in a gloomy man. "A postman's a civil servant and they get the sack if they're convicted in the courts."

FIDDLER hit him with the brim of his hat. "Be hushed, you great fool," he said. "Not in front of the boy." He put an arm on my shoulders. "Don't you worry, son. We'll get him out."

"We've got to be careful," said Jago. "At the moment the coppers don't know he's in the cellar. Any of us go near that grating and it'll be just telling them right where he is. . . ."

They pondered and debated for about a quarter of an hour but they didn't get anywhere near action. I realized I would have to seek assistance elsewhere.

I was sick with worry. I could see my father convicted, sacked, stripped of his uniform, slapped in jail, miserable, hungry—a broken man. I searched frantically in my mind for anyone I could turn to in my trouble. . . . There was no one, and I have never felt so weak and lonely as I did that Derby Day.

And so I went where desperation eventually turns the feet of the ungodly . . . to the church. They told me at school that, if you wanted help, you could always pray for it. I had to try.

The church was cool and shadowy and welcoming. I looked around the statues of the saints, wondering which would be the best to approach for my particular job of work. I wanted somebody who wouldn't be averse to assisting a bookie's runner out of the hands of the police. It would clearly be inadvisable to approach any member of the Holy Family. Also, it was unlikely that any of the female saints would be familiar with the betting laws, and so it obviously had to be a masculine saint. And there were five of those in our church

St. Peter, in his great chair, looked kindly but I felt he was too important to bother with me. St. John the Baptist was an ascetic anyway and, frankly, his fierce dark eyes put the fear straight up me. The heavenward gaze and pale face of St. Ignatius held no sympathy for the weaknesses of the flesh. St. Francis stretched gentle hands but he would undoubtedly have been painfully busy with all those sick animals.

That left St. Sebastian, and I thought he would just about do.

He had been killed by archers and stood, a dramatic and fearless figure in painted stone, transfixed by arrows in a dozen places, bright enamel blood glistening on the shafts and trickling splendidly down the alabaster of his flesh. He had been an officer in the Roman Army and had knocked about a bit. So, even if he hadn't actually been a betting man, he would be likely to know something about chariot-racing.

ALL the other saints had a candle or two alight on the spiked grids before them. St. Sebastian had none. Candles were a penny each and you took them from the open rack and put the money in the slot below. I only had a halfpenny so I took the smallest candle and put the coin in the box. The yellow light flickered on the black arrows, the red blood shone and the shadows of a smile crept under St. Sebastian's lips and eyes.

I knelt down and explained the situation to him. I assured him that if he could see his way clear to helping us out this time, I would ensure that my father never acted as sick relief to a bookie's runner again, and that my own life would be for ever devoted to clean living and good works.

Would he, in the circumstances, use his influence to get my father out of that cellar? I didn't expect anything in the way of a direct miracle. All I asked was that he should give me an idea as to how I could get the grating away without the police becoming suspicious. . . .

A door opened from the cloisters and in came Father Gregory in his brown, corded habit, face tanned and bearded like a pirate.

"Well, my boy," he said, "it's pleasing, if unusual, to see you in church at this hour."

I smiled deprecatingly.

"I don't remember any boys at confession with penance to do in their lunch hours. I trust you are not in any other trouble?"

I said: "Yes, I am, Father. At least, me and my dad are. Dead trouble. So I came to ask St. Sebastian to help me."

"So it's your father, is it? I think you'd better tell me as well as St. Sebastian."

I SAT beside him in the pew and told him all about Johnnie Coles, Mr. Cohen, the Derby, my father's wish to help, Sergeant Flaxman and his strategy of the quick follow-up, the sealed-off cellar, conviction, the sack, the hopeful grating and the search-warrant within the hour.

". . . and they told us at school that you can pray for help and that true prayers never go unanswered. So I came to see St. Sebastian."

Father Gregory pulled his beard thoughtfully.

"Umm. . . . You certainly are in trouble. Has St. Sebastian answered your prayers? Has he given you any ideas?"

"Well . . . no. Not yet."

"And if he doesn't, I suppose you'll be losing your faith in the power of prayer? But you can't leave everything to the good saint, you know. You've got to think for yourself as well."

"I have, but nothing comes."

"Now let me see. . . . What's that grating like? Is it heavy? Will it need much to pull it away?"

"It's old and rusty and some of the brickwork is broken away at the side. It ought to come out with a good heave."

"Good. Now who could get up to that grating without arousing suspicion. Who, I'm asking, when there's not an honest face in the entire adult congregation."

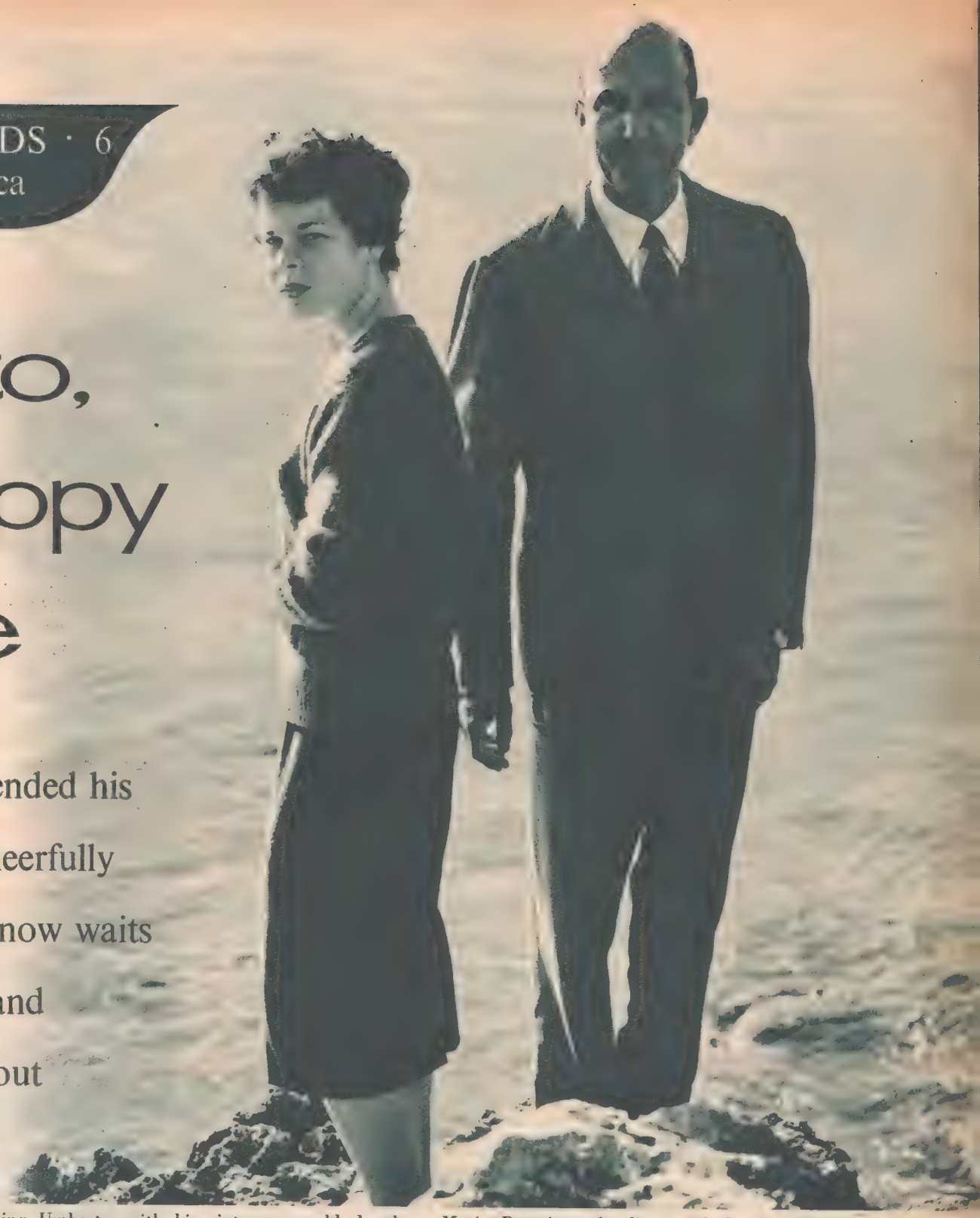
Then a shaft of sunlight swung suddenly through the open doorway of the

*continued on page 32*

THE UNEASY HEADS · 6
by Geoffrey Bocca

# Umberto, the happy exile

Twelve million votes ended his month-long reign. Cheerfully Italy's crownless king now waits for his people's call—and watches the time run out



Ex-King Umberto, with his sixteen-year-old daughter, Maria Beatrice, who lives with him in Portugal

TIME and timing are essential to the fortunes of a king. Michael of Rumania came to the throne too early. So did King Peter of Yugoslavia, who was played out before he was twenty-one. So perhaps did Queen Elizabeth of England.

King Umberto is a man who came to the throne too late.

By the time he got there he had acquired the stature and flair, combined with a pleasing lack of imagination, to be a good monarch. The decision being put to the Italian people at a moment of history when he had not a chance of winning, he reigned for only twenty-six days.

Today his home is the village of Cascais, near Estoril, in Portugal, in the Casa d'Italia, a pretty villa in cream and white with a roof of bright orange tiles. Here Umberto keeps an admirable public relations establishment dealing with thousands of letters and hundreds of requests for audiences every year.

He is accessible to all. Often he can be seen sunning himself on his balcony in a plum-coloured dressing-gown. Wave to him and he waves back.

Usually during the day he climbs into his small black Fiat, sometimes alone and sometimes with one of his staff and goes down to one of the beaches. He likes mingling with the crowd, where he ceases to be "Majesty," and becomes simply the Portuguese *"O Senhor."*

Charabanc-loads of Italians, from Italy and Italian communities all over the world, call to pay their respects.

The author was caught in the middle of one of these torrents, the visitors being Italian-Americans in Portugal on a cut-rate cruise. Umberto, flanked by his valet, his secretary and by General Graziani, his aide, appeared at the top of the stairs, smiling a small deep smile which seemed to spread vertically rather than horizontally. His face radiated that particular brand of health which always seems to be possessed by bald, sunburned men.

He greeted his visitors with a chuckle that was once famous through all Italy, high-pitched and throaty and, at the same time, deprecating and mildly apprehensive, but completely engaging. The crowd surged around him to shake his hand. Only the chuckle rising above the voice gave any indication of where he was.

"King, you are just the nicest man. . . . The nicest. . . ."

Chuckle, "So kind . . . so kind."

With requests for photographs the crowd opens out.

"King Umberto, will you let me take a picture of you with my daughter?"

Umberto sees the daughter and agrees willingly. He takes her hand politely. The girl looks at him in adoration. She is not the first. The pictures are taken.

## Smiling showgirl

Then come the autographs. Sometimes the crowd breaks into a stream of Italian, but soon they stop. Italian for Italian-Americans contains too many old-world connotations. It involves too much *"per piacere," "Signore"* and even *"maestá."* Their accents embarrass them. They find they are much more confident of themselves when they talk in American. The King's amiability never deserts him. Nor does the dignity with which he greets each of his admirers.

A week or so earlier the author had been present at a similar scene in another European capital for a visiting Hollywood film star. There were the same exclamations, the same excitement, the same hunger for autographs.

The difference had been in the object of their admiration. Where the King had been modest the showgirl had swept the mob with her hauteur. The King was aware of every person around him, and gave to each in turn his full attention. The showgirl's smile was for the mass, fundamentally directed inward at herself.

It is, of course, an unfair comparison. The showgirl had risen in a few unexpected years from Woolworth's to wealth and fame beyond her dreams. The King had fallen into a low estate from an adulation which the Italians, more than any other people in Europe, gave to their royal family.

From the time when the Milanese under Austrian rule roamed the streets crying *"Viva Verdi,"* which meant secretly, *"Viva Vittorio Emmanuele, re d'Italia,"* the symbol of independence, and even from 1918 when Victor Emmanuel was hailed as the *"re vittorioso,"* the drop to the Casa d'Italia is a long one, and, for Umberto, holds out little hope of reversal.

He has grown accustomed to adversity. The nearest he can get to Italy is where the Pan-American plane he always uses in Europe touches down at Ciampino Airport in Rome in transit. He stands at the top of the steps and looks out to draw what satisfaction he can from hangars and sheds.

Although he is no match at all intellectually for men like the Count of Paris or Don Juan of Spain, Umberto has made himself, by his good nature, the best-loved of the exiled monarchs. Umberto was the only man who did

King Umberto (right) visits Naples in May, 1946, during the election campaign to decide the fate of the crown. Below: Sadly, the defeated King bids farewell to the children of Rome. Shortly afterwards, his country was proclaimed a republic

*continued from previous page*

not mind being seen in public with King Carol of Rumania, which shows, if nothing else, that he is a good fellow. The other exiles consult him about their problems or look to him to settle their innumerable internecine quarrels.

To Italian immigrants he is often the last touch of Italian civilization they see before setting out for North or South America. Towards them he is fatherly and wise.

Umberto is alone in the world. After he ceased to be king he flowered as a statesman. He has every reason for bitterness, but possesses none. Instead he has achieved a sort of sincerity which he did not have before. His wife lives in Switzerland and his children are grown up. Transformation of personality is not uncommon in a king, but few have changed as completely as Umberto.

He came into the world at the Royal Palace of Racconigi on September 15, 1904, during the period of national prosperity that so often follows a military disaster. The humiliation of the Italian defeat in Abyssinia at the turn of the century had been shrugged off. The glorious days of Garibaldi and of the Risorgimento were still a living memory.

At the age of nine Umberto's education was entrusted to an army officer, Commander Attilio Bonaldi, and he took happily to military life.

Umberto was a charming, athletic boy, always laughing, a habit which, with the progressive deterioration of his fortunes, ceased to please, and caused him to be called in later years "the smiling fool of Europe."

When he was thirteen he met the girl he would one day marry. It was 1917 and Marie-José, daughter of King Albert and Queen Elisabeth of the Belgians, was being educated, far from the war, in Switzerland.

Marie-José was eleven years old, a violent, uncontrollable tomboy with a mop of hair so thick that British officers in Belgium gave her the nicknames "Fuzzy Wuzzy" and "Golly-wog." The Italians called her "*scugnizza*," a Neapolitan name meaning ragamuffin. Her mother had always surrounded herself with musicians and artists and this had been an important influence in the forming of her personality. Umberto and Marie-José liked each other well enough at first meeting. They did not meet again until shortly before they married.

Umberto grew up to be what the Italians call a *donnaiolo*, possessing an apparent irresistible charm for the opposite sex. In January, 1930, the Houses of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha and Savoy were united in a brilliant marriage when Umberto, the Crown Prince, married Marie-José, in Rome, after a week of festivities throughout Italy.

Marie-José was beautiful now, and calm, vastly changed from the strange-looking creature she had been as a child.

That same summer, Umberto was seen dancing alone with a well-known Roman beauty. There were other scandals. Though the royal couple respected each other well enough there was too little in common between them.

Within two years the marriage, though yielding heirs, was dead, Umberto and Marie-José both returning to their old ways of life.

## Princess slandered

Marie-José must have been one of the unhappiest princesses in the world at this time. Used to the milieu of culture in her mother's home in Brussels, she found the court of Naples too crude to bear. The ordinary people of Italy looked up to her but from Italian high society she had to put up with an unending battery of innuendoes and slanders of a nastiness of which only the cream of an ancient aristocracy is capable.

No opportunity for a pinprick was lost. Once, visiting a palace with Umberto in Sicily where they were guests, they were greeted by cheering crowds who poured into the courtyard and stood beneath the balcony shouting for the royal couple. Marie-José was overjoyed. Afterwards the hostess said to the Princess: "See, Your Royal Highness, see how the people love the House of Savoy," with a slight but stinging emphasis on "Savoy."

Marie-José loved Italy itself, but she pined for the liberalism and democracy of Belgium. Rome and Naples under the thick, oppressive atmosphere of Fascism suffocated her. She would have returned home, but her brother Leopold, whom she loved, reminded her of her duty to both the royal Houses.

This duty Marie-José continued lovelessly to honour. She produced in all four children, three girls and an heir to the throne, Victor Emmanuel.

Under Mussolini the status of the royal family steadily declined. Italians laughed at Victor Emmanuel, who was so small that he needed a stool in order to mount a horse. The Duce received letters every day asking him to overthrow the institution, but he laughed. Mussolini liked the King. "I don't want to throw out anybody," he said.

In 1940 Mussolini took the country into the war on the side of the Germans, and ran into an almost non-stop series of humiliating defeats. The fleet was sunk at Taranto. Two British divisions under General Wavell effectively wiped out the entire Italian Army in North Africa.

The British occupied Italy's East African Empire, and the Italians, invading Greece from Albania, were thrown unceremoniously out by a handful of brave Greeks. Milan and Turin were blasted by the R.A.F. who returned home almost without loss.

Finally the Americans bombed Rome, and Victor Emmanuel, inspecting the damage at San Lorenzo, was booed by the crowds.

Since the start of the war Marie-José had been intriguing with the anti-Fascist underground. But she was one of those souls, beyond help, who had her every act misinterpreted.

Like the tragic Empress Frederick, mother of the Kaiser Wilhelm, like her own brother Leopold, everything Marie-José attempted went wrong. In 1940 she visited Hitler to plead for leniency for Leopold and the Belgian people. With this act she alienated all the anti-Axis and anti-Fascist circles in Italy which she had been at such pains to cultivate.

She moved for safety to Switzerland. In July, 1943, Mussolini was overthrown, and Italy switched abruptly from the German to the allied side. Hastily Victor Emmanuel, Umberto and their staffs packed and fled helter-skelter from Rome through the German lines to the allies advancing up southern Italy. They joined General Badoglio, who was forming a government to work with the British and Americans.

They had, of course, little alternative. Had they remained in Rome they would have been immediately arrested by the Germans. But to Italian eyes this flight seemed to be the last episode in a long dereliction of royal duty. Italians had set their royal family on too high a pedestal. It had been created for them by Garibaldi, and they expected more of it than it was able to fulfil. Anti-Fascists had resented them with increasing bitterness for their placid subservience to Mussolini.

Fascists and anti-Fascists alike looked to them to restrain Mussolini from getting into a war which nobody in Italy wanted. The royal family had done nothing—except run.

The Italians were left under the Germans and without a King. For twenty-two years the Duce had thrown a protective cloak over them. Now suddenly there was no Duce and no

Prince Victor Emmanuel, Umberto's twenty-one year old son, dances in an Austrian night club. Though heir to the throne of Italy, he is not interested in his family's destiny, and has no time for royal routine

royal family either, and the sudden *colpa d'aria* was too much for them. Romans heard of the flight of the royal family with fury.

At Pescara a naval vessel was waiting. It took Victor Emmanuel, Umberto and Pietro Badoglio to Bari, where the new Italian cabinet was working. Italian troops were re-forming to fight on the allied side and Umberto went to the front with them. Like his late father-in-law, Albert of the Belgians, he spent the rest of the war at headquarters, and made himself a popular figure with the soldiers.

Umberto, to do him justice, had never been a Fascist, and he loathed the Germans, the murderers of his sister, Princess Mafalda, who had died in Buchenwald. Winston Churchill in the House of Commons and General Mark Clark, American commander in Italy, both praised his conduct. But he was beyond saving.

In Switzerland Marie-José visited a prison camp where Italian soldiers who had escaped from the Germans were being held, and she tried to distribute gifts. To a man they refused to touch anything from the Italian royal family.

## Dignified, efficient

A journalist watched this demonstration and asked the Queen what she thought the odds were against her son ever becoming the King of Italy. Half dazed by her experience, the Belgian princess shook her head.

"It doesn't matter," she said absently. "He likes mechanics. He will become an engineer."

In April, 1944, Victor Emmanuel decided to save what he could of his house. He withdrew altogether from public life, remaining the *de jure* king but entrusting the reign to Umberto as lieutenant-general of the realm.

At last serious responsibilities had settled on the Crown Prince. This was not the arrogant, aggressive Italy of before the war. He was at the head of a country which had been smashed with the full blast of battle and of postwar crisis. The fighting had raged up the country. The paper lira bore the limp dirty look that comes to a currency exhausted by inflation. Starvation, poverty, the humiliation of defeat and occupation had reduced Italy to physical and spiritual beggary.

For two years Umberto handled his monstrously difficult task with dignity and quiet efficiency. But Italians were too absorbed in the problems of staying alive to notice. It was too late. The flight to Pescara from Rome could not be undone. The open breach between Umberto and his wife was too glaring.

Public resentment against the royal family was carefully fostered by the Communists, who had swollen into Italy's largest political party. Marie-José, trying to help her husband in his work, found that the monarchists despised her. This did not worry her. What did distress her was that the anti-Fascist elements she had encouraged so much would now have nothing to do with her.

On May 9, 1946, Victor Emmanuel abdicated and a national referendum was called for Italians to decide whether they preferred to be represented by a monarchy or a republic.

It was the worst of luck from Umberto's point of view that the royal referendum should take place at such a time, so thoroughly steeped in cowardice and disrepute had the House of Savoy become. The Communists had everything their own way. The Right was silenced by its Fascist past. The non-Fascist Conservatives were divided. Monarchist areas like Trieste were barred from voting because of their unsettled political status.

Umberto himself took to the hustings and carried out a nation-wide campaign. During the elections people walking late at night may have seen a strange and tragic sight, a woman tearing down the monarchist posters, a woman whom some claimed to have recognized as Marie-José, sister of King Leopold of Belgium.

When the nation polled, the Queen voted Socialist—for a republic.

Umberto sat out the counting of the referendum in the apartment of a friend. He tried to shrug off the election and pretend he did not care one way or the other. All the forces of personality, of cheeriness and laughter which he could muster he brought out now.

The result came in—twelve million for a republic, ten million for a monarchy. Umberto smiled a brave shadow of the Umberto smile and even raised the trace of the Umberto chuckle. He turned to the window and looked out into the street. "It is going to be a beautiful day," he said.

Umberto and Marie-José had reigned for twenty-six bitter days. It had been a closer vote than people expected. Had the Communists been less rampant and the monarchists less timid the King would probably have remained king.

Before the royal family parted for exile there was a poignant incident. Marie-José had voted against her husband, hoping she might be allowed to remain in Italy, but her claim had been disallowed. At midnight on June 5 a lady-in-waiting in the Villa Maria Pia called General Adolfo Infante, who was responsible for organizing the royal family's departure.

"Her Majesty refuses to go," she said. "What am I to do?"

General Infante hurried to the Queen's presence and found her distraught. "They will say again that we run away," she cried. "I am not a Savoy. I do not want to run away. Can I stay even two days more?"

The General knew that this was the Queen's favourite home and one which she now occupied for the first time in three years. "I will telephone His Majesty at the Quirinale," he promised. He did so, but Umberto insisted that his wife must accompany him.

"When must I be ready?" Marie-José asked when he told her.

"Four a.m. In four hours' time."

"I will be ready."

They left in the Italian cruiser, the Duca degli Abbruzzi.

In Portugal Marie-José took the title of the Countess de Sarre. At least she could claim Belgian citizenship. Umberto was not even allowed an Italian passport. The Portuguese police gave him a travel document and that is all he possesses to this day. The Casa d'Italia was purchased and the man who only a few months earlier had possessed forty palaces and half a hundred shooting lodges settled down to contemplate what to do next.

Marie-José, however, had still to taste the dregs of unhappiness. She fell ill, not too seriously, but she had to be given a blood transfusion and by mistake she was given plasma from the wrong blood group. Shortly afterwards she became partially paralysed and completely blind. She moved to Switzerland for treatment and there she remained. Her sight was partly restored in so far as she was able to see downwards, but could not turn her eyes up.

## Big estate seized

She bore this dark and hooded world with a noble dignity and devoted her time after that to a history—a friendly history—of the House of Savoy.

Financially the royal family was secure. Marie-José was wealthy from her own family with its vast interests in the Belgian Congo, a country which originally belonged outright to Leopold II.

Umberto's main income was the interest from a £1,250,000 life insurance policy taken out by his grandfather and never cashed. His father, Victor Emmanuel, had died one of the richest men in Italy, leaving an estate worth £5,500,000. When Italy became a republic the government seized this estate but Umberto sued in the Italian courts and won the right to four-fifths of it, the rest remaining with the Italian State. Apart from the estates, Victor Emmanuel also left the seven members of his family £1,500,000 in British banks.

Although he himself is probably

*continued on page 33*

GETTING TO KNOW YOURSELF

# Are you popular?

**Answer these questions, set by a doctor, to see how popular you are—in your own circle and among those whose existence does not really affect you at all**

**1. You enter a newspaper or magazine contest in which the prize is either £100 cash or goods worth 100 guineas, to be selected from a department store. You win the prize. Do you**

(a) ask for the £100 cheque to be posted to you?
(b) choose the 100-guinea prize and enjoy the publicity at the store?
(c) choose the 100-guinea prize and dread the publicity?

**2. Two of your friends are avid music lovers, but with very different tastes, for A enjoys chamber music and B is an authority on advanced jazz. In your opinion**

(a) is A an old-fashioned crank?
(b) is B a tasteless fool?
(c) are both rather strange in their tastes?
(d) are both to be admired for their enthusiasm?

**3. Friends and acquaintances probably seem to you to have lives full of hopes, troubles and fears. Is your unspoken reaction to their conversation about these emotional factors**

(a) "what a fuss some people make about their thoughts"?
(b) "how interesting people are when they are frank about their feelings"?
(c) "thank heaven I don't have feelings like that"?

**4. You are offered a new job in a trade or profession you know well. You'd like to make a change. Both jobs offer more money and good security. The first involves work among hundreds in a noisy modern factory; the second would mean you would be in a room by yourself in peace and quiet most of the time.**

(a) Do you choose the first?
(b) The second?
(c) Finally decide to let opportunity knock in vain?

**5. Sarcasm is**

(a) the best weapon in an argument?
(b) the refuge of those who can't argue intelligently?
(c) a useful extra weapon when you can't be witty?

**6. A nickname or abbreviated form of your first name**

(a) is used by others for your name behind your back but not to your face?
(b) doesn't exist in your case?
(c) is used when addressing you by practically everyone who knows you well?

**7. Quickly write down the names of twenty people you know well enough to call by their Christian names. Are most of them**

(a) relatives?
(b) friends you have known for more than five years?
(c) friends you have got to know in the last five years?
(d) an equal number of new and old friends?
(e) an equal number of relatives and old and new friends?

**8. There's a big Saturday morning crowd in the shop where you have gone to buy some sweets, magazines or tobacco.**

(a) Do you find someone else is often served before you even though you were there first?
(b) Do you get served out of turn in your favour?
(c) Do you get asked out of turn but always explain that someone else was there before you?

**9. A neighbour mentions to you an interesting item in a Sunday newspaper which has a sale of several millions.**

(a) Do you say, "Yes, I read it, too"?
(b) Do you think, "that rag full of scandal"?
(c) Do you say, "I don't have the paper, so may I borrow it?"
(d) Do you say, "Frankly, I'm not all that interested"?

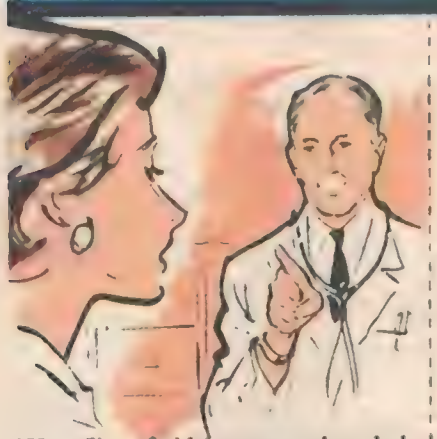
**10. Last Christmas a few hundred million Christmas cards went to and fro in the mails. Did you**

(a) receive more than you sent?
(b) send more than you received?
(c) send and receive the same number?

Now turn to page 37

# She was worried about her baby...

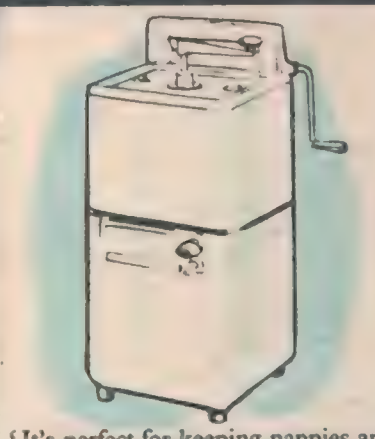
I'm so worried about Peter, Doctor. Ever since he was born, his nappies have made him so sore.
Yes...I can see that: I expect he's very fretful?



'Yes—I'm afraid he upsets the whole house with his crying at night.'
'Do you *boil* his nappies, Mrs. Rogers or just rinse them through?'

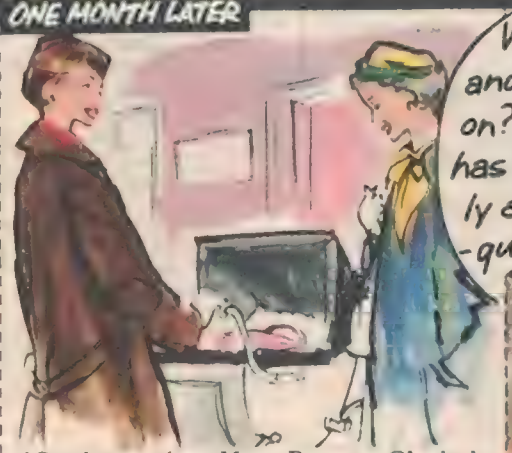
'I use really hot water.'
'That won't do. Nappies *must* be boiled to get rid of the alkali deposit that causes nappy rash.'

'This gas washing machine is just what you need, Mrs. Rogers. It holds a big family-size wash and boils up really quickly.'



'It's perfect for keeping nappies and all your whites really spotless. It'll make all the difference to baby!'
'All the difference to me, too!'

'It's very good looking, isn't it—not a bit like the old-fashioned boilers!'
'Yes—it's the latest design. And it tucks away under your draining board.'




'Good morning Mrs. Rogers. Oh—isn't Peter looking well and happy?'
'Yes—he's sleeping wonderfully now—seems quite a different child!'

Well, Mrs. Rogers, and how's Peter getting on? I see the redness has gone now. He's certainly a cheerful young man - quite a credit to you!
A credit to Mr Therm and my new gas washing machine.

*If you want to boil your white wash quickly and hygienically—*
*remember . . .*

**only GAS can do it**

*Issued by the Gas Council*

LIONEL DAVIDSON makes a personal call on WOLF MANKOWITZ

# Dealer in dreams

THE house is superb. White, sparkling, virginal, it sprawls in a clearing amid magnificent country. Twin carriage-drives run down to its opposite ends. Snug lawns slope all around. It is 450 years old, and looks as if it has been lovingly spring-cleaned 450 times. There is a sense of continuity here, of an old family line. It is Alderden Manor, near Hawkhurst, in the county of Kent.

At ease in an interior apartment, the master of the house speaks. "Okay, Monty boy," he says. "Let's pack it in for today."

The master is Mr. Wolf Mankowitz, and he is lolling on a settle. At his elbow are a box of chocolates and one of cigarettes. He has been creating.

Elsewhere in the spacious room are Mr. Monty Norman, a dark-haired, lively eyed young man in a suède jacket, prowling restlessly; and a quiet young typist at a table by the window.

Mankowitz and Norman, collaborators in the musical *Expresso Bongo* (voted the best of the year in 1958) are at work on another musical—an adaptation of Mankowitz's novel *Make Me An Offer*.

Dispersed elsewhere in the thirty-three roomed country house which Mankowitz bought last year are Mankowitz's wife and three children, his parents, Monty Norman's wife, a housekeeper and a gardener.

"Won't you just have a drink?" Mankowitz says. "While I tie up a couple of things with Monty. Then I'd like to show you round."

I had a drink. Mankowitz tied things up with Monty. Then he showed me round.

The grounds were every bit as fine as the house. A stream ran beneath trees. Flower beds glinted. Bees buzzed. Waterfalls tinkled. There was even an oast house tilted against the sky.

## Rocket to fame

"What do I want with such a big place?" Mankowitz asked. "I need a big place. I like to have people around me. I like a lot of activity. I bought it so that friends can come and stay."

Seven years ago, when he was not quite twenty-eight, Mankowitz and his wife lived with two children in a poky basement flat off the Edgware Road. They were oppressed then by the problem of where to keep the pram. Wherever it stood it was in the way.

That was before Mankowitz had written *Make Me An Offer* and *A Kid For Two Farthings*. It was before he had written any of his ten books, three films, eight plays and a musical.

In just seven short years Mankowitz, the scholarship boy from East London, has arrived at Alderden Manor, having solved once and for all the problem of where to put the pram, should one ever be needed again. In the process he has taken by storm the worlds of literature, show business and television.

The mental attitudes responsible for his success seemed to be still at work as he paused in his stroll.

"That oast house," he said. "It's beautiful, isn't it?"

I said it was beautiful.

"Any idea what use you can make of an oast house?"

I said I hadn't.

Mankowitz strolled thoughtfully on.

The urge to make use of things, to get full value, is an essential part of his complex character and an important ingredient in his success. For years he has not written a word without trying to exploit it several times over in press, television and films.

**Mankowitz relaxes at home. "I'm just a man trying to make a living for a wife and three kids," he says**

Mankowitz himself is aware of this trait. "You've got to remember," he told me, "that I'm a dealer as well as a writer. I've dealt in all kinds of junk all my life. Certainly I'm a dreamer, too. Every writer is a dreamer. But I believe in being paid for my dreams. If I weren't paid, I'd still dream them, but with less frequency."

At the luncheon table, the oast house was still on his mind. Someone suggested curing tobacco in it.

"Grow the tobacco here, you mean, and cure it in the oast house?"

"Yes."

"How much could I grow out there?"

A rough figure was worked out. "M'hm," said Mankowitz. "M'hm."

After lunch we went into the playroom, another handsome, oak-bound apartment, furnished with such modern requisites as an enormous model train layout.

"My three boys," Mankowitz said, nodding to the layout. "They're off to a gymkhana. We'll be left in peace here. Now then, ask me whatever you want."

There was a lot to be asked of this thirty-five year old who has arrived so swiftly, confidently—and ubiquitously.

Early last year a critic complained: "Whenever you turn on the television you're liable to see Mankowitz. If you don't choose your newspaper carefully, he's in there, too. Now he's got this musical running in the West End, and he's putting on a new show with Charles Laughton. For my money, that's a lot too much Mankowitz."

"Well, that's right," Mankowitz said. "I was doing too much. My agent said so, everyone said so. It just sort of happened. It really started some time before when a film company commissioned me to write a film about illicit diamond dealing in Africa. They offered me £5,000. I went out there and wrote the thing first of all as a series of six stories. I sold these, very successfully, to a newspaper here, and then made a film script of the stories.

"The film company got cold feet because the script was very critical of conditions in South Africa—it was a South African company—and they bought out. I let them cancel out £3,000 of the contracted price. So I took £2,000, and all rights in the scripts reverted to me. I did very well. I always do well in these things.

"Well then, a television company bought the idea as a serial, and I engaged a man to write the scripts. Unfortunately there was a mess-up, and at the last minute I had to do the scripts myself. I had meanwhile taken on other commitments. I found myself in the space of three weeks having to write six scripts for the diamond thing, three scripts for *East End—West End*, and

# Dealer in dreams

*continued from previous page*

appear in *Conflict*. I admit, my name was all over the place then, but it was inescapable. I hadn't reckoned on being lumbered with the diamond series."

All this brisk manipulation of scripts, series and rights seemed a far cry from the legend of Mankowitz the *litérateur* and thinker. I had heard of his brilliant academic record at Cambridge, of the poetry award he had won in the face of distinguished competition, and of his leftist leanings. I asked him how he reconciled these two sides of himself.

"It's as I told you," he said. "I've been a dealer all my life. My family are working dealers. Until recently my father had a second-hand stall in East Ham market. I paid for my holidays out of a stamp deal when I was fifteen. It doesn't stop me being a writer. I've been writing for as long as I can remember.

"And my identification has always been working class. When I went to Cambridge that identification was intensified. I had only one shirt. I didn't have any money. It would never occur to me to keep my background secret. On the contrary, any situation where the implicit suggestion is that I should do so always forces me to make it more apparent than I normally would.

## Grilling on TV

"There was an occasion after the war. I was a lecturer, extra-mural, mainly with the Workers' Educational Association. I'd just won the poetry award, and I'd got a bit of work with the B.B.C., giving talks on the Third Programme. I saw a job advertised as Talks Producer, so I applied for it.

"I went before a board and answered a number of questions. Then one of the members looked at me and became very serious and said had I ever thought of changing my name, because after all it was the *British* Broadcasting Corporation and my name was very difficult to pronounce.

"At which point I saw this wasn't a job I wanted anyway. I replied that it was my intention to teach people how to pronounce my name."

I said: "In this task of getting people to pronounce your name and remember it, haven't you sometimes been tempted into ruthless tactics?"

"How do you mean?"

"There was criticism of your grilling methods in the television discussion series, *Conflict*. Many people would regard your questioning of Spike Milligan, the comedian, as below-the-belt."

"You mean when I reminded him he had been a Fascist six years before the war? There was a reason for that. He wouldn't sit down. He was walking about the studio, examining the lights, looking behind curtains. The cameras followed him everywhere. He was turning a serious discussion on humour into a goon show. I had to stop him off short, so I asked him about his career as a Fascist. It worked. It sat him down right away."

"Was he upset about it?"

"Very upset."

"Don't you think a man should be allowed to live down a discreditable bit of his past?"

"Certainly I do. But he was making a patsy out of me. A lot of hard work had gone into that series. You think I ought to have sat there sweating and pleading, 'Please, Spike, come and sit down'? Oh, no. It's horses for courses. Anyway, he is a friend of mine. He got over it in the end."

It seemed to be an episode Mankowitz preferred to forget. We moved on to less controversial reminiscence—the start of his career. Mankowitz told me how he had won a scholarship to East Ham Grammar School, and later an exhibition to Downing College, Cambridge.

He had volunteered for the army there, but had seemed such an unpromising recruit he had been directed to the pits as a Bevin boy. After working a year in Durham, a truck had run over his foot and he had been discharged. He had then been called up for the army. After his demob he became a lecturer.

"This poetry award that you entered for in 1946. Was that your first success?"

"As a matter of fact," Mankowitz said, "I didn't enter for it. I was put up for it by a customer of a tailor who was a neighbour of my father's at East Ham. This customer was the export manager of Hodder and Stoughton, the publishers. I suppose my father had told the tailor I wrote poetry.

"Anyway, the tailor and the export manager and my father said to me I should put some stuff together, and I did. I gave it to the tailor, the tailor gave it to the export manager, and the export manager gave it to the editorial director of Hodder and Stoughton. It then went in for the award, and the next thing I knew I was up before a committee and I got it.

"After the poetry award I started having a bit of success here and there with the little literary magazines. I was also working very hard as a lecturer. I got thirty-five shillings a lecture and I did about fifteen a week.

"I worked so hard because we needed the money. I was married, with a child. Ann and I had met at Cambridge and we married in our second year when we were both nineteen. Apart from lecturing and writing, I was also 'running' at auctions. You know what a runner is? You have your capital—I had ten pounds—and you buy things and then try and sell them at a profit to other dealers.

"Round about this time—it must have been in 1947, when I was twenty-three—Ann's brother came out of the army with his gratuity. He fancied opening an antique shop, so we went in together as partners and found a shop in the Piccadilly Arcade. It had been badly blitzed, the rent was cheap and there was war damage payment to come. So we took it.

"For the first three years business was very poor; so poor that we finally decided we should either shut down altogether or go in for something in a big way as specialists.

"We had a go at Wedgwood pottery, and I became very interested in it.

"So I started to write a book on it. While I was preparing it, the idea for a story occurred to me. It was quite different from anything else I'd ever done. A vernacular story, done in the language dealers use.

## A lot of money

"I just sat down and wrote it. I didn't see it as a book or anything. Just a long story. I called it *Make Me An Offer*. A friend of mine showed it to Nicolas Bentley, the artist, who was just then starting off a new publishing company with André Deutsch. They read it, liked it and decided to publish it. So I finished the other, the specialized work, too, and they published that as well, both of them the same year, 1952.

"That's how it all happened, suddenly. In the one year my business was successful because of the Wedgwood book—it's the standard work—and my writing was successful because of *Make Me An Offer*.

"I made quite a lot of money out of that. It was published in several countries. I made a television play out of it. I sold it for filming. They gave me fifteen hundred pounds for it. For me it was a lot of money at that time. I was very happy to sell it."

Mankowitz had been gazing reminiscently out of the window, and now spotted his eldest son, thirteen-year-old Gered, neatly jodhpured, leading a horse up the drive.

"There's my son now, bringing the horse in. Very pastoral, isn't it?"

The boy shortly appeared in the room. Mankowitz asked him if he had enjoyed the gymkhana. He said he had, very politely.

"How high d'you jump, old boy?"

"Two foot six."

Mankowitz considered. "Quite good."

The two younger boys, Jonathan, aged ten, and Daniel, six, erupted into the room in fierce controversy.

Mankowitz kicked them all out.

"Children," he said, sitting down again. "Always fighting. You can tell exactly the conditions in international politics by the relationship between my middle son and my younger son."

"How are conditions now?"

"Terrible. The world's a madhouse."

"What are your own political affiliations?"

"I haven't any. The parties are all blinkered. None of them represents me. I've never voted in a political election in my life, and I never will. I'm an anarchist—that's the function of all clowns, entertainers and critics."

"Isn't that a bit irresponsible?"

"Not at all. I demand the right for every shade of opinion to be given a hearing."

"Do you resent criticism?"

"Certainly not, if it's relevant. A man said recently that one of my stories was scamped and that I'd written it in too much of a hurry. That's relevant criticism. And somebody else said I was just a sentimentalist."

"Are you a sentimentalist?"

"What else? Human beings are made up of sentiment. Am I supposed to be an exception? Certainly I'm a sentimentalist. I'm glad I'm a sentimentalist."

I said there seemed a very flattering element in the criticism he had selected as relevant, and how did he feel about the other kind; the strictly non-flattering and disagreeable?

"What do you want me to do?" Mankowitz said. "Go out and crucify myself? A fellow does the best he can. I'm just a man trying to make a living for a wife and three kids."

I said he certainly seemed to be succeeding in the latter aim. "Is the pottery business still a success?"

"Very successful indeed. It's a substantial business. There are now four shops, six basements and five offices. I can't remember how much I own because I've given bits of it away to my family. I'm sort of the chairman, though I don't take any active part in it any longer. I'm a full-time writer now."

"How did you become involved with the theatre?"

"That was when one of my plays, *The Boychik*, was put on by Oscar Lewinstein at the Embassy Theatre in 1954. I grew interested and went into partnership with Oscar. We present shows. We've put on some very good things, *Moby Dick* with Orson Welles, *The Threepenny Opera*, *The Party* with Charles Laughton."

## Film with Lollo

"What was the picture you were working on in Paris?"

"That was a picture called *Trapeze*—you know, the one with Lollobrigida. Hecht-Lancaster produced it. I did the final write of the script."

"Are you working on other films?"

"I'd like to. I fancy making another film. But they don't offer me film work. I don't know why. Since I got an Oscar for my film *The Bespoke Overcoat* I don't get offered film work. I don't know whether the feeling is that I'm difficult. Certainly I had difficulties with Hecht-Lancaster when I did *Trapeze*. But who doesn't have difficulties with them? I don't have difficulties with Carol Reed, who's my dear friend.

"I wrote *The Bespoke Overcoat* in memory of my grandfather. He was an old man, a capmaker called Solomon Borik, who came from Russia and lived in the East End. He didn't speak much English, but he was a great story-teller in Yiddish. He told me many of the stories I have written, and he appears several times in my work.

"I'm keen on doing all kinds of things at the moment, particularly productions. I like presenting other people's

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.....

AT LAST DOCTORS ARE BEATING . . .

# THE SLEEPING PERIL

## For years it lies low, then strikes. Now we're awake to the virus menace—and taming it, says Dr. BRIAN ANSON

A CHILD who has been in contact with measles usually seems perfectly well for about ten days. Then he starts a cold and a cough, but it is another four days before he comes out in a rash.

Similarly with polio. It is a week or more before the sufferer shows signs of the vague, feverish illness that precedes paralysis.

The reason for this delay—the incubation period—is explained by the new knowledge we have of viruses.

The original notion that a virus is just a very tiny microbe had to be scrapped as long ago as 1935, when Dr. Wendell Stanley succeeded in turning the virus of tobacco disease into a mass of crystals, then back into a virus again. This was something new and unique—a chemical molecule which *lived*.

Later work on this particular virus showed it to consist of a tiny cylinder of a complicated chemical known as ribonucleic acid, wrapped in a spiral of protein. A few years ago, Dr. Fraenkel-Conrat managed to separate the two components, thus getting two, apparently non-living, chemicals. He was able to put them back together again, and the virus was as active as ever.

More recent work has shown that a virus is an immensely complicated chemical molecule, which has the power of all living things of getting its nourishment and reproducing itself.

But it can do this only in the environment of a living cell. It is, in fact, a parasite. More curious still, it not only breeds but it can, to all appearances, vanish, and then reappear.

### The measles "cold"

Under the electron microscope, an influenza virus can be seen to enter a living cell and then, apparently, disappear. Four hours later the cell disintegrates and a host of new virus particles takes its place. What has happened is that, once the virus has got into the cell, its nucleic acid selects from the cell all the chemical components it needs to multiply.

In the case of measles, the virus is absorbed by the cells lining the nose and throat, and from them spreads to the internal organs, such as the liver and spleen. Ten days in the throat cells produces a host of new, fully developed viruses whose sudden activity produces a streaming cold and a rise of temperature.

But the virus in the internal organs takes a little longer. When it is ready it is released into the blood *en masse*, so reaching the skin and causing the rash. The blood resents this invasion, and rapidly produces a chemical antidote to the virus poison—"measles antibody."

Within a week enough antibody is formed to neutralize the virus, and the patient recovers. But more than that: the body is now in permanent possession of antibody and if the measles virus ever returns it fails to get a hold. So the sufferer never gets measles again.

A virus entering a cell does not always leap at once into activity. It may remain dormant for weeks, months or years. The Asian flu of 1957 started in China in February. In April it escaped the bamboo curtain, ravaged Hongkong and Singapore and spread rapidly all over the world.

It was first detected in Britain in May—but there was no epidemic until September. The reason was that, in May, many people probably acquired what is called a latent infection.

This power of the virus to remain latent is really a condition of mutual tolerance between the virus and the people it has infected, as between a dog and its fleas. The virus does not die, but it vanishes into some as yet unknown hiding place in the cells of the body and lives a quiet, retired life, causing no trouble.

Possibly years later, something like a common cold or an injection of vaccine, or even being out in the sun, may upset this mutual tolerance, and the virus becomes active. In the case of Asian flu, it was probably the change of weather.

A common example is the "cold sore." This starts in infancy, when an infection produces a very sore mouth. This gradually clears up, but although the disease has gone the virus has not died, and when it later becomes active, blisters, containing myriads of new viruses, appear. Then the sequence starts again.

Besides active infection and latent infection, there is a third variety of virus trouble known as sub-clinical infection.

During any epidemic there are many people who, while not going down with the disease, will admit to feeling off-colour for a few days. They may have a stronger resistance, inherited from their parents. Perhaps their blood forms antibodies more quickly and more readily. Perhaps they still have some antibody from a previous attack, or from an inoculation.

It is, unfortunately, the sub-clinical and latent cases who, as carriers, spread the disease. Paralytic poliomyelitis is a dreadful disease, but for every case there are hundreds of unsuspected infections causing no more than a little seediness, and giving the victims permanent immunity to the disease.

**Doctors now fight polio with vaccines, but until 1952 prevention was considered hopeless. Soon all viruses may be under control**

### Far from immune

But it is all very well to talk about permanent immunity. Everybody who has had a cold or influenza knows that they are far from immune to another attack.

The reason has been studied in ferrets, one of the very few animals susceptible to influenza. In this disease, the virus is not interested in breeding internally, in the liver and spleen. It prefers the superficial cells lining the nose and throat, and flu symptoms are produced by toxins formed in these cells. But there is never a massive invasion of the blood, so it is not stimulated to form antibody and give lasting protection.

The flu virus also keeps changing slightly in composition. It evolves from one epidemic to the next, so that last year's immunity does not protect this year.

Prevention of virus illnesses is probably simpler than cure. Owing to their method of breeding within the living cell, it is difficult to attack them there with antiseptics and antibiotics.

But one new weapon is appearing. It has been discovered that infection with one virus prevents access by another. It is very rare to have two virus diseases simultaneously. The infected cells develop a chemical known as interferon, which keeps other viruses out. Chemicals named benzimidiazole glyclosides have a similar effect.

Soon, it is hoped, a way will be found of using such substances to check virus disease as readily as antibiotics now check the larger bacteria. THE END

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work. My partner tells me that eventually I'll make more money out of productions than anything else I've ever done. But it isn't money I'm after. Money—it's like sex. You only notice the lack of it."

I asked him what it was he was after.

"Something that I can value. That's the real reason for my great productivity these past few years. I don't really value what I do sufficiently. I don't value it at all. Consequently I go on trying to do something, to write something, that I will value."

"Do you value writing above these other activities?" I asked.

"It's the only worthwhile thing for me," Mankowitz said. "The only thing I've ever counted as real work—it's a kind of neurosis—is writing. And then it fines down. I don't count articles as writing. I don't count television as writing. I don't count plays as writing. In the end I only count stories as writing. And then it gets even worse. I don't count *short* stories as writing. And because of this tendency not to count this and not to count that, one seems to pile up activities and the real writing gets less and less."

"Why don't you write more?"

"Ah, it's lonely work. It's a very lonely business, writing. You can't create the amount of activity just with your own writing. I need something more. Other people, things going on. I'm easier to live with that way."

"Are you normally difficult to live with? How do you and your wife get over differences?"

"Differences? What differences? I think we've worked out most problems. We married young, remember. We've spent our youth together. We've been together fifteen years. We have three children."

"Does she run the house?"

"Yes. With a housekeeper and a gardener. Also our London house at St. John's Wood. I haven't the least idea what it costs to run them. We have accounts for everything and when they come into the office they're paid. If it looks as if I'm getting short of money I go out and earn some. I can always do that."

I said it appeared he had now taught people how to pronounce his name. "About your name. Someone told me it was Cyril, really, not Wolf."

"It's Cyril Wolf."

"Have your parents always called you Wolf?"

"They used to call me Cyril. Now it's Wolf."

"What made them change?"

"One day when I was fifteen, I told them: My name is Wolf."

### Parents Puzzle

"And they accepted that?"

"They got used to it."

Wondering how much else Wolf Mankowitz's parents had had to get used to, I asked if he was a puzzle to them.

"I would say by and large I am. They don't understand how I work."

We went out into the garden. Mankowitz's parents were there with his wife enjoying the sunshine. The youngest boy, Daniel, was enjoying it, too.

Ann Mankowitz, a good-looking, smiling young woman, was sitting on a stone slab, very relaxed against the splendid background of Alderden Manor. She told me they intended making their own cherry brandy.

I said that sounded fun.

"It's *magnificent*," said five-year-old Daniel, and then, greatly taken by the word, began somersaulting madly on the lawn, crying "Magnificent! Magnificent!"

I said: "That's a big word for a little boy."

Mankowitz's father, a stocky, grey-haired man with light blue eyes and a well-scrubbed face, said: "Words? That's the one you want for words."

He was looking at his son, his ever-baffling son Wolf.

The master of Alderden Manor himself had not heard the conversation. He had stepped off a pace to regard pensively a part of his idyllic domain. It was the oast house. THE END

Concluding a brilliant and gripping new thriller by . . .

# Daphne du

## *Something in his self-portrait frigh should, for it showed the face of a*

QUITE suddenly, Fenton had gone mad. In cold blood he was going to murder a woman and her child. Already the child was strapped to a chair, waiting, unsuspecting. . . .

Yesterday, while he was taking a lone walk along the Embankment, an idea long fermenting in Fenton's mind had reached maturity. Bored with Edna, his wife, and obsessed by a sense of failure, he decided to show his power—by selecting a house and destroying its occupants.

At random he chose No. 8 Boulting Street. Only the basement was occupied—by a young Austrian woman, Anna Kaufman, and her son Johnnie. They were ideal victims—without a friend in the world. Posing as an artist and giving his name as Marcus Sims, Fenton easily persuaded Mrs. Kaufman to sub-let one of her rooms to him.

Today, bringing painting paraphernalia to lull her suspicions, he had moved in. He watched while she tied Johnnie to a chair to pose for him. Then he dismissed her and began to make rough outlines in charcoal on the canvas. He was alone with the child. . . .

***Fenton felt his strength ebb from him. Horror and fear merged around him like an overwhelming cloud***

VERY soon, Fenton realized that he needed a larger canvas. The one on the easel would only take the child's head alone. It would look much more effective to have the whole head and shoulders on the canvas, because he could then use some of the azure blue to paint the child's blue jersey.

He replaced the first canvas with a larger one. Yes, that was a far better size. Now for the outline of the face again . . . the eyes . . . two little dots for the nose, and a small slit for the mouth . . . two lines for the neck, and two more, rather squared like a coat-hanger, for the shoulders.

It was a face all right, a human face. Not exactly that of Johnnie at the moment, but given time. . . . Feverishly he chose a brush, dipped it in turpentine and oil, and then, with little furtive dabs at the azure blue and the flake-white to mix them, he stabbed the result on to the canvas.

Becoming bolder, he sloshed on further colour, and now the blue was all over the lower part of the canvas in vivid streaks, making a strange excitement, contrasting with the charcoal face. The face now looked like a real face, and the patch of wall behind the child's head, which had been nothing but a wall when he first entered the room, surely had colour to it after all, a pinkish-green.

He snatched up tube after tube and squeezed out blobs; he chose another brush so as not to spoil the brush with blue on it . . . damn it, that burnt sienna was not like the Sienna he had visited at all, but more like mud. He must wipe it off, he must have rags, something that wouldn't spoil.

He crossed quickly to the door. "Madame Kaufman?" he called. "Madame Kaufman? Could you find me some rags?"

ANNA came at once, tearing some undergarment into strips, and he snatched them from her and began to wipe the offending burnt sienna from his brush. He turned round to see her peeping at the canvas.

"Don't do that," he shouted. "You must never look at an artist's work in the first rough stages."

She drew back, rebuffed. "I'm sorry," she said; and then, with hesitation, added: "It's very modern, isn't it?"

He stared at her, and then from her to the canvas to Johnnie.

"Modern?" he said. "Of course it's modern. What did you think it would be? I'm of my time. I see what I see. Now let me get on."

There was not enough room for all the blobs of colour on one pallet. Thank goodness he had bought two. He began squeezing the remaining tubes on to the second pallet and mixing them; and now all was riot—sunsets that had never been, and unrisen dawns.

It did not matter that it grew dark and he had to switch on the light. The child had fallen asleep, but he went on painting. Presently the woman came in and told him it was eight o'clock. Did he want any supper? "It would be no trouble at all, Mr. Sims," she said.

Suddenly Fenton realized where he was. Eight o'clock and they always dined at a quarter to. Edna would be waiting, would be wondering what had happened to him.

He laid down the pallet and the brushes. There was paint on his hands, on his coat.

"What on earth shall I do?" he said in panic.

The woman understood. She seized the turpentine and a piece of rag, and rubbed at his coat. He went with her to the kitchen, and feverishly began to scrub his hands at the sink.

"In future," he said, "I must always leave by seven."

"Yes," she said, "I'll remember to call you then. You will be back tomorrow?"

"Of course," he said impatiently, "of course. Don't touch any of my things."

HE hurried up the basement stair and out of the house, and started running along the street. As he went he began to make up the story he would tell Edna. He'd dropped in at the club, and some of the fellows there had persuaded him into playing bridge. He hadn't liked to break up the game, and never realized the time. That would do. And it would do again tomorrow. Edna must get used to this business of him dropping into the club after the office. He could think of no better excuse with which to mask the lovely duplicity of a secret life.

It was extraordinary how the days slipped by, days that had once dragged, that had seemed interminable.

It meant several changes, of course. He had to lie not only to Edna, but at the office as well. He invented a pressing business that took him away in the early part of the afternoon, new contacts, a family firm. For the time being, Fenton said, he could really only work at the office half-time. Naturally, there would have to be some financial adjustment, he quite understood that. In the meantime, if the senior partner would see his way. . . .

Amazing that they swallowed it. And Edna, too, about the club. Though it was not always the club. Sometimes it was extra work at another office, somewhere else in the City; and he would talk mysteriously of bringing off some big deal which was far too delicate and involved to be discussed.

Edna appeared content. Her life continued as it had always done. It was only Fenton whose world had changed. Regularly now each afternoon, at around half past three, he walked through the gate of number eight, and glancing down at the kitchen window in the basement he could see Madame Kaufman's face peering from behind the tangerine curtains. Then she would slip round to the back door, by the strip of garden, and let him in.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Sims."

"Good afternoon, Madame Kaufman."

No nonsense about calling her Anna. She might have thought . . . she

# Maurier

*ened her. And so it*

*an bent on murder*

# THE ALIBI

might have presumed. And the title "Madame" kept the right sense of proportion between them.

She was really very useful. She cleaned the studio—they always alluded to his room as the studio—and cleaned his paint brushes, and tore up fresh strips of rag every day, and as soon as he arrived she had a cup of tea for him.

And the boy . . . the boy had become quite appealing. It was now mid-summer, and Fenton had painted his portrait many times. The child continued to call him Da.

But the boy was not the only model. He had painted the mother, too. And this was more satisfying still. It gave Fenton a tremendous sense of power to put the woman upon canvas.

Naturally, the silly soul expected some sort of chocolate-box representation the first time she acted as model. He had soon shut her up over that, though.

"Do you really see me like that?" she asked, disconsolate.

"Why, what's wrong?" he said.

"It's . . . it's just that . . . you make my mouth like a big fish ready to swallow, Mr. Sims."

"A fish? What utter nonsense!" He supposed she wanted a cupid's bow. "The trouble with you is that you're never satisfied. You're no different from any other woman."

He began mixing his colours angrily.

"It's not kind of you to say that, Mr. Sims," she said, after a moment or two. "I am very satisfied with the five pounds that you give me every week."

"I was not talking about money," he said. "And I've told you not to interrupt."

"I'm sorry, Mr. Sims."

That's right, he thought. Stay put. Keep your place. If there was one thing he could not stand it was a woman who nagged.

"When I was younger," he said aloud, "I had so much ambition."

"To become a great painter?" she asked.

"Why, no . . . not particularly that," he answered, "but to become great. To be famous. To achieve something outstanding."

"There's still time, Mr. Sims," she said.

"Perhaps . . . perhaps. . . ." The

*"It gives me what you call the creeps," Madame Kaufman said when she saw what Fenton had painted. But he was delighted with it. He knew its quality . . .*

ILLUSTRATED BY FANCETT

# The alibi

*continued from previous page*

skin should not be rose, it should be olive, a warm olive. . . .

"It's a quarter to seven," murmured the woman.

"Damn. . . ." He sighed, and stepped back from the easel. "I resent stopping like this, now it's so light in the evenings," he said. "I could go on for quite another hour, or more."

"Why don't you?" she asked.

"Ah, home ties," he said. "My poor old mother would have a fit."

He had invented an old mother during the past weeks. Bed-ridden.

"I wish you could bring her here to live," said his model. "It's so lonely when you've gone back in the evenings. Do you know, there is a rumour this house may not be pulled down after all. If it is so, you could take the flat on the ground floor, and your mother would be welcome."

"She'd never move now," said Fenton. "She's over eighty. Very set in her ways." He smiled to himself, thinking of Edna's face if he said to her that it would be more comfortable to sell the house they had lived in for nearly twenty years and take up lodgings in No. 8 Boulting Street.

"Besides," he said, thinking aloud, "the whole point would be gone."

"What point, Mr. Sims?"

He looked from the shape of colour on the canvas that meant so much to him to the woman who sat there, posing with her lanky hair and her dumb eyes, and he tried to remember what had decided him, those months ago, to walk up the steps of the drab villa and ask for a room. Some temporary phase of irritation, surely, with poor Edna, with the windy grey day on the Embankment, with the fact of the Alhusons coming to drinks. But the workings of his mind on that vanished Sunday were forgotten, and he knew only that his life had changed from then, that this small, confined basement room was his solace, and the personalities of the woman Anna Kaufman and the child Johnnie were somehow symbolic of anonymity, of peace.

"Never mind, Madame Kaufman," he said. "One of these days we'll hold an exhibition, and your face, and Johnnie's, will be the talk of the town."

As he walked home along the Embankment in the evenings he would throw his charcoal sketches and rough drawings into the river. They were now transfigured into paint and did not matter. With them went the old used tubes of colour, and pieces of rag, and brushes too clogged with oil.

He threw them from Battersea Bridge and watched them float for a moment, or be dragged under, or drift as bait for some ruffled, sooty gull. All his troubles went with them.

He had arranged with Edna to postpone their annual holiday until mid-September. This gave him time to finish the self-portrait he was working upon, which, he decided, would round up the present series. The holiday in Scotland would be pleasant. Pleasant for the first time for years, because there would be something to look forward to on returning to London.

The brief mornings at the office hardly counted now. He scraped through the routine somehow, and never went back after lunch. His other commitments, he told his colleagues, were becoming daily more pressing: he had practically decided to break his association with the present business during the autumn.

"If you hadn't warned us," said the senior partner drily, "we should have warned you."

Fenton shrugged his shoulders. If they were going to be unpleasant about it, the sooner he went the better. He might even write from Scotland. Then the whole of the autumn and winter could be given up to painting. He could take a proper studio: No. 8, after all, was only a makeshift affair.

The self-portrait was absorbing. Madame Kaufman had found a mirror and had hung it on the wall for him, so the start was easy enough. But he found he couldn't paint his own eyes. They had to be closed, which gave him the appearance of a sleeping man.

"So you don't like it?" Fenton observed to Madame Kaufman, when she came to tell him it was seven o'clock.

She shook her head. "It gives me what you call the creeps," she said. "No, Mr. Sims, it's not you."

"A bit too advanced for your taste," he said cheerfully.

He himself was delighted. The self-portrait was a work of art.

"Well, it will have to do for the time being," he said. "I'm off for my holiday next week."

"You are going away?"

There was such a note of alarm in her voice that he turned to look at her.

"Yes," he said, "taking my old mother up to Scotland. Why?"

She stared at him in anguish, her whole expression changed. Anyone would think he had given her some tremendous shock.

"But I have no one but you," she said. "I shall be alone."

"I'll give you your money all right," he said quickly. "You shall have it in advance. We shall only be away three weeks."

She went on staring at him, and then, of all things, her eyes filled with tears.

"I don't know what I shall do," she said. "I don't know where I am to go."

It was a bit thick. What on earth did she mean? She would just go on as she always did. Seriously, if she was going to behave like this the sooner he found a studio the better.

"My dear Madame Kaufman, I'm not a permanency, you know," he said firmly. "One of these days I shall be moving. Possibly this autumn. I need room to expand. I'll let you know in advance, naturally. But it might be worth your while to put Johnnie in a nursery school and get some sort of daily job. It would really work out better for you in the end."

He might have beaten her. She looked stunned, utterly crushed.

"What shall I do?" she repeated stupidly, and then, as if she still could not believe it: "When do you go away?"

He said: "Monday, to Scotland. We'll be away three weeks." This last very forcibly, so that there was no mistake about it. The trouble was she was a very unintelligent woman, he decided, as he washed his hands at the kitchen sink. She made a good cup of tea and knew how to clean the brushes, but that was her limit. "You ought to take a holiday yourself," he told her cheerfully. "Take Johnnie for a trip down the river to Southend or somewhere."

There was no response. Nothing but a mournful stare and a hopeless shrug.

The next day, Friday, meant the end of his working week. He cashed a cheque that morning, so that he could give her three weeks' money in advance. And he allowed an extra five pounds for appeasement.

When he arrived at No. 8, Johnnie was tied up in his old place by the foot-scraper, at the top of the steps. She had not done this to the boy for some time. And when Fenton let himself in at the back door in the basement, as usual, there was no wireless going and the kitchen door was shut. He opened it and looked in. The door through to the bedroom was also shut.

"Madame Kaufman . . . ?" he called. "Madame Kaufman . . . ?" She answered after a moment, her voice muffled and weak.

"What is it?" she said.

"Is anything the matter?"

Another pause, and then: "I am not very well."

"I'm sorry," said Fenton. "Is there anything I can do?"

"No."

Well, there it was. A try-on, of course. She never looked well, but she had not done this before. There was no attempt to prepare his tea; the tray was not even laid.

He put the envelope containing the money on the kitchen table.

"I've brought you your money," he called. "Twenty pounds altogether. Why don't you go out and spend some of it? It's a lovely afternoon."

A brisk manner was the answer to her trouble. He was not going to be blackmailed into sympathy.

He went along to the studio, whistling firmly. He found, to his shocked surprise, that everything was as he had left it the evening before. Brushes not cleaned, but lying clogged still on the messed pallet. Room untouched. It really was the limit. He'd a good mind to retrieve the envelope from the kitchen table.

He returned to the kitchen with his brushes and pallet, the turpentine and some rags, and made as much noise as possible running the taps and moving about, so as to let her know that he was having to do all the menial stuff.

Back in the studio, he pottered with the final touches to the self-portrait, but concentration was difficult. Nothing worked. The thing looked dead. She had ruined his day.

Finally, an hour or more before his usual time, he decided to go home. He would not trust her to clean up, though, not after last night's neglect. She was capable of leaving everything untouched for three weeks.

Before stacking the canvases one behind the other he stood them up, ranged them against the wall, and tried to imagine how they would look hanging in an exhibition. They hit the eye, there was no doubt about it. You couldn't avoid them. There was something . . . well, something telling about the whole collection.

He smiled in fantasy, seeing himself and Edna walking into one of those small galleries off Bond Street, himself saying casually: "I'm told there's some new chap got a show on here. Very controversial. The critics can't make out whether he's a genius or a madman." What sense of power, what triumph! And then, when he broke it to her, the dawn of new respect in Edna's eyes. The realization that her husband had, after all these years, achieved fame.

Fenton had a final glance round the familiar room. The canvases were stacked now, the easel dismantled, brushes and pallet cleaned and wiped and wrapped up.

He shut the window and closed the door and, carrying his usual weekly package of what he called "rejects" under his arm—discarded drawings and sketches and odds and ends—he went once more to the kitchen and called through the closed door of the bedroom.

"I'm off now," he said. "I hope you'll be better tomorrow. See you in three weeks' time."

He noticed that the envelope had disappeared from the kitchen table. She could not be as ill as all that.

Then he heard her moving in the bedroom, and after a moment or two the door opened a few inches and she stood there, just inside. He was shocked. She looked ghastly, her face drained of colour and her hair lank and greasy, neither combed nor brushed. She had

*continued on page 35*

## Everybody's Puzzling

### BRAIN TEASER by Fred Borders

Dora's hen was broody, so Dora went to a farmer's wife for eggs to set under the hen. Dora wished to hatch out at least 4 chicks of a kind, no matter what breed.

Unfortunately the farmer's wife had not separated her 4 varieties of eggs, so although she knew all her eggs were fertile, she could not distinguish the breeds. Assuming all the eggs hatch, how many should Dora buy to ensure having 4 chicks of a kind?

### QUIZZLE

**The letters in numbered squares, if placed in the small grid to the left of the puzzle in numerical sequence, will spell a well-known quotation and help to check your solutions.**

#### CLUE DOWN

A. Prehistoric monument and where it is situated (10, 9, 5).

#### CLUES ACROSS

A. Shell filled with a bursting charge.
B. Lintel or structure dividing a window across.
C. Mountain nymph.
D. One who grudges to spend.
E. A message.
F. Axe-like weapon with spiked back and long shaft.
G. Tentative effort.
H. Officer who certifies deeds, affidavits, etc.
I. Slang term for official bribe.
J. Breathe out.
K. Rider's foot-rest.
L. The alligator pear.
M. Soil of clay, sand and vegetable matter.
N. Affront.
O. Place of slaughter.
P. Uncoined gold or silver.
Q. Long, loose overcoat.
R. Four-sided figure whose angles are right-angles.
S. Paraguay tea.
T. To reduce to dust.
U. Church reading desk.
V. Hostile spirit.
W. Sudden determination or force.
X. Manual labourer.

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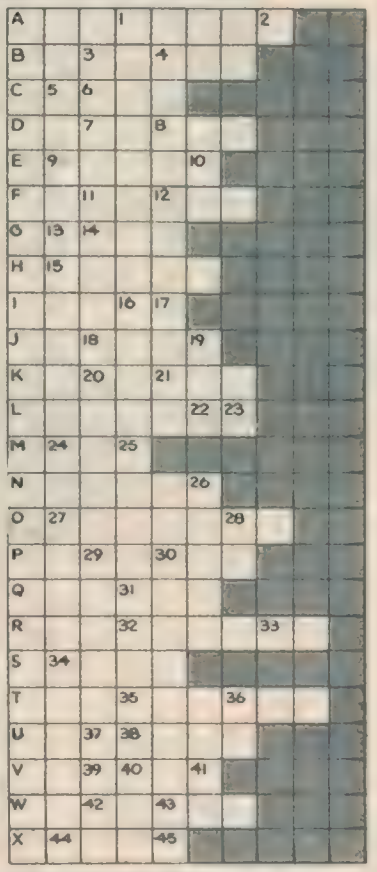


NOW TURN TO PAGE 31 FOR THE ANSWERS

Are school hours too long for young children? Molly Cocks (extreme right) is emphatic. "Yes," she says—and there are thousands to back her

# *This is how women get things done*

## by ALAN LLOYD

### It all began with one country housewife. And this week it's the talk of half a million . . .

MEMBERS of Ockenden-Cuckfield Women's Institute gathered in the village hall at Cuckfield, East Sussex, on December 17, 1957. The meeting began with the song "Jerusalem" and ended with a talk on folk dancing by Miss Elsie Avril.

Between Jerusalem and Miss Avril, Molly Cocks, a young housewife who had cycled three miles to the meeting, invoked her right under the democratic constitution of the institute to propose a resolution, and to have it debated.

Since the Women's Institutes came into being forty-four years ago, members have debated, among many other subjects, kitchen utensils, old cottages, wild flowers, honey bees, horror comics, animal welfare, chiropody, sub-postmasters, plain sewing, world disarmament, rheumatism, turnstiles in public lavatories, sewerage and last offices for the dead.

Potentially one of the strongest non-political pressure groups in the country, Britain's 8,440 W.I.s (the number is increasing by about a hundred a year) have persuaded, among others, bus companies to alter their routes, the G.P.O. to improve country telephone services, and the government to enforce safety measures in the designs of domestic fires.

Molly's subject was the reform of school attendance hours for young children.

### Nation-wide issue

"Parents," she says, "should have the choice of sending children of five or less for mornings-only during the first term of school, instead of being obliged to send them all day, as happens at most State schools. When I suggested this to the headmaster of a nearby school he said: 'You'll never get any support for that.' I didn't really think the matter would go any farther, myself. I just wanted to have my say; to get the idea off my chest."

In less than sixteen months, Molly's "say" has snowballed to the proportions of a nation-wide issue. This week, at the annual general meeting of the National Federation of Women's Institutes, delegates representing half-a-million countrywomen assemble in the Royal Albert Hall, London, and take up Molly's resolution. If they approve it, they will look to the authorities for action.

Molly Cocks lives in a neat housing-estate home at Hayward's Heath, near Cuckfield, with her husband Walter (the deputy clerk of the local council) and their children, David, who is ten, and Elizabeth, seven.

A tall, friendly woman, inclined to be nervous before strangers, Molly is not a "reformer" by nature. She was moved to speak as a result of personal experience.

"I first thought that all-day schooling was too much for beginners when David started at Cuckfield primary school," says Molly. "He was terribly tired in the afternoons, and once or twice he fainted. Later, there was trouble with Elizabeth.

"She was perfectly happy in the mornings, but if I left her at school for lunch nobody could do anything with her, and if I fetched her home I had literally to drag her back in the afternoon. Once she asked: 'Why don't you love me any more, Mummy?' Both of us were always worn out by tea-time."

About twenty W.I. members attended the Cuckfield meeting, including farmers' wives, a builder's wife, a charwoman and a retired singer, when Molly first made her plea for a relaxation of the school regulations. She was given a sympathetic hearing.

Greta Glew, the lively, popular wife of a head-gardener, said that her daughter had been overwhelmed by a full day at school when she was five, and Olive Smith, a more reserved woman who helps her husband in the post office at Whiteman's Green, Cuckfield, testified that her own two children had been the same.

Muriel Inns, another member, said that her son, Richard, had found the afternoons too much when he was

Mrs. Mary Thorpe (fifth from right) confers with committee members of Wilmington W.I. She will be seconding Mrs. Cocks's resolution at the Albert Hall

JOHN BULL PHOTOGRAPHS BY LAWRENCE HANLEY

*continued from previous page*

younger, and one woman claimed that her grandson had suffered under the all-day system.

Molly cycled home after the meeting to tell Walter that her resolution had been carried almost without dissent. "If I can find a seconder from another institute, I can go to the East Sussex county meeting," she said. "There are one hundred and sixty-seven institutes in East Sussex; nearly twelve thousand members."

"If they back your idea," said Walter, "people will begin to sit up and take notice."

The East Sussex village of Wilmington, built in the lee of a chalky escarpment from which its quiet life has been overlooked for centuries by a large prehistoric figure known as The Long Man, has a population of about two hundred.

Here, Walter Thorpe runs his garage in the shade of an old chestnut tree, while his wife Mary cares for the two of their four children who are still at home, takes in paying guests to help the family budget, and regularly attends the W.I.

When Mary Thorpe heard on the "bush telegraph" that operates from village to village in the county about the Cuckfield resolution, she immediately took the idea to her heart. Her older children, Patricia and Peter, had gone to private schools, where they attended at first on a half-day basis. But the younger children, Nigel and Allison, had started at a primary school. The full day away from familiar home surroundings was a drastic change for them, and they were slower than the others had been to settle.

Mary discussed the subject of the Cuckfield resolution with her husband. Walter Thorpe was an education officer in the army for a period during the war. He recalled that the case histories of many backward men showed that the trouble had often started with an unsympathetic introduction to school life. He was in favour of his wife seconding Molly Cocks, and it was left for Wilmington institute to accept the plan.

There were about forty women present when the subject was debated in the village hall, and they discussed the idea enthusiastically. Several women who lived on outlying farms agreed that, since their children had little chance of mixing with other children when they were young, their first experiences of group life should be taken in stages. Wilmington institute passed the resolution unanimously.

### Three-minute speech

On March 31 last year, Molly Cocks arranged for her children to be looked after by a neighbour when they returned from school, then she set out in a friend's car for Bexhill-on-Sea and the annual council meeting of the East Sussex Women's Institutes.

In her handbag was her speech, written in longhand and timed to run for the three minutes she was allowed in which to propose her motion. "Madam chairman, fellow members, I beg leave to move that this meeting considers that children should be permitted to attend school for half of the day during their first term if the parents think this desirable and are prepared to arrange their own transport. . . ."

Molly had written the speech weeks beforehand. "I had even practised reading it," she says, "but when I stood up in front of all the delegates, I wasn't very confident. I pointed out that the law prescribes that every child of five years of age shall have 'full-time education' but does not say what full-time education means.

"After Mrs. Thorpe had seconded, there was a heated discussion for about twenty minutes. I began to think it would not get through. Then they took a vote and there were eighty-eight delegates in favour — sixty-two against."

Too late to pass through the leisurely machinery of the federation in time for the 1958 annual general meeting, the resolution now had to wait to join 104 others from the counties to go before a joint consultative council meeting in London last January at which five had to be picked by ballot for the annual meeting this year.

Nancy Milner-Gummand, the East Sussex representative on the consultative council, is a voluble, forceful talker; patently a woman of action. Doris Scott, the grey-haired county secretary, is reflective and inclined to be silent. They form a formidable fighting partnership.

With the county federation, and its 12,000 members, committed to promoting Molly's plan, the two women went to work. From the W.I.'s East Sussex headquarters in West Gate Street, Lewes, letters went out to the eight members of Parliament who serve the county, advising them of the resolution.

Armed with a comprehensive intelligence report from Miss Scott, Nancy Milner-Gummand, the wife of a headmaster and herself a manager of the village school at Dane Hill, where she lives, set out in her Morris estate car for London and the joint consultative council. Together with the proposers of 119 other resolutions on the agenda, she had precisely two minutes in which to state her case.

### On the short list

"The strongest opposition came from women who thought that the idea discriminated in favour of people who could afford to do without the use of free school transport to get their children home," says Nancy. "I countered that there was a greater degree of discrimination at the moment for those who can send their children to private schools. They already have the choice of half-day or full-day schooling for their five-year-olds."

For a while the dissenters seemed to hold sway.

Then Mrs. Audrey Jessel, of Hertfordshire, a popular delegate who turns the scales at thirteen stone, said she thought that the subject was at least worthy of further discussion, and it was put on a short-list of seventeen from which five were to be selected by ballot the following day.

"After a night of mentally keeping my fingers crossed, I returned rather apprehensively to the council room," says Nancy. "To my delight the resolution tied for fourth place."

It was up to half-a-million members to make the final decision.

Since then, the lambs have fattened and the swallows have arrived in the rural domain of the W.I.s—and every institute in the land has debated Molly's idea.

This week 4,400 delegates, armed with travel vouchers worth more than £8,000, will converge on the Albert Hall by coach and special train. Together with reporters, broadcasters and cameramen they will hear the housewife from Hayward's Heath deliver the speech she has been preparing and rehearsing for weeks.

Then Molly Cocks will have had her say. THE END

### Cricket Dream

*Seated by me in the shade,*
*A youngster watched some cricket played,*
*And in his eye I saw portrayed*
*Another game.*
*The scene was laid*
*At Lord's. The long day through he'd stayed*
*Unshaken at the crease, and flayed*
*The bowling; cool and undismayed,*
*Though speed and spinners were arrayed*
*Against his skill. Each stroke was made*
*With classic ease until his blade*
*Of willow scored with proud parade*
*A century, and victory swayed*
*For England.*
*But, alas! dreams fade.*
*The tea bell clangs, and sighing, he*
*Returns from M.C.C. to T!*

NOEL SCOTT

### And Now A Word From . . .

*"Were you on your own in the bank when the gunmen came in, Mr. Paul?"*

"I am never on my own, whether in the bank or in my garden or in my bed. I have memorized a great deal of Shakespeare and his characters are my constant companions. Hamlet——"

*"What was your first thought when you saw them?"*

"I hoped they were not going to want to change travellers' cheques. There is nothing distracts one more from keeping the records up to date. It is such a *fiddly* business, so many different things to do."

*"When did you realize that they were gunmen?"*

"When they produced guns."

*"Our readers would be interested to know what you noticed about them."*

"I am, I think, unusually observant. My housekeeper has often commented on it. The man who came in first had odd shoelaces, one flat, one round. When I was in the scouts——"

*"Did you say anything to them?"*

"I said: 'Now the wind has changed to N.N.E. I suppose we can expect. . . .'"

HOWARD BROOKES

### Sally And The Owl

The school began it all, Sally said, with their wretched animal films and memos to parents that keeping pets was to be encouraged, teaching responsibility and care of others, as well as stimulating interest in Live Nature.

Sally had thought that newts in basins, tadpoles in tanks and caterpillars in jars were enough live nature for one household, but the children seemed to take her for a female Saint Francis. She had refused heartfelt demands for a monkey, an alligator and a talking raven, had put up with a tortoise (which conveniently dug itself away for the winter) and had reluctantly agreed to keep a baby owl which fate or its mother had thrown out of the nest into the garden.

Sally said she had nothing against owls, personally. It was just that their mode of life and hers didn't match. They were nocturnal, for one thing, and Sally was strictly diurnal, liking her eight hours per night undisturbed by wild flappings and banshee screeches. To the children's protests that this one was a good mouser Sally retorted that they'd never been bothered with mice, and when they said they jolly well were now, she noticed with a shock that they were right.

It was her discovery that the children were actually breeding mice in the attic to provide nourishing prey for their owl that settled its fate. DAPHNE BOUTWOOD

### Sounds Of Interest

*When in the silent cinema*
*You rip the bag and shyly fumble*
*For the salt, I whisper, "Ah!"*
*And smile, while others shush and grumble.*
*When, finding it, you shake the bag*
*For even distribution's sake,*
*I laugh with glee, while others nag*
*Or change their seats, or sit and quake.*
*I hear you while the lovers kiss,*
*I hear you while the horses thunder,*
*Savouring with you your bliss,*
*Sharing your epicurean wonder.*
*After the anthem, if I can,*
*I'll shake your salty fingertips*
*And introduce myself—the man*
*Who makes and sells those tasty chips.*

HAZEL TOWNSON

PULTENEY BRIDGE, BATH: *Illustrated by John Leigh-Pemberton*

# A city of elegant taste

With Beau Nash as Master of Ceremonies, Bath in the 18th century attracted the elite of Britain. John Wood and his son, pioneers of town planning, made Bath rich in Palladian architecture. Pulteney Bridge, a lovely example of the Florentine style, was designed by Robert Adam; and your Bath Oliver biscuit is named after Dr. Oliver who established a hospital.

Although founded as Aquae Sulis (Waters of the Sun) by Romand Claudius in A.D. 44, Bath's origin is attributed by legend to the father of King Lear, Bladud, who in 863 B.C. was cured of his ills by bathing in the steaming mud of the district. Bath's chalybeate springs yield 500,000 gallons daily.

The people of Bath, elegant of thought and taste, have fine quality in all things as their criterion, as shown by the regularity with which the little red Brooke Bond vans are seen delivering all over the district —good tea and FRESH.

Brooke Bond have thousands of acres of their own tea gardens—more than any other firm of tea distributors in the world—with their own buyers in all the big world tea markets.

More and more people are enjoying Brooke Bond—good tea and *fresh*. Over 150 million cups of Brooke Bond tea are drunk *every day* throughout the world.

**BROOKE BOND 'CHOICEST'**

A blend of finest Ceylon and Assam teas as used in the Brooke Bond boardroom.

**The picture cards enclosed in packets of Brooke Bond 'Choicest', Edglets and P.G. Tips have great interest and educational value.**

**Brooke Bond** *GOOD TEA—AND FRESH!*

# Do they all have the right to push you around?

*continued from page 9*

reasonable grounds for suspicion exist.

If no warrant has been issued, the police are guilty of trespass and the householder can claim damages in a court of law, as in the recent case of a police dog handler who recovered £100 damages from two fellow policemen who searched his London home while he and his wife were out. They had told his sons: "We are friends of Daddy's."

The real danger to the sanctity of the Englishman's home comes not from the police but from the 6,128 officials of various departments who can enter private houses without a warrant. Many do not even have to give the owner advance notice.

Post Office engineers can walk into any subscriber's premises at any reasonable time merely to examine his telephone. Customs and Excise investigation officers have wide powers of entry.

## Atom-age snoopers

Perhaps the most extraordinary of all these powers is that possessed by government officials who can enter any man's place of work or his home to see whether he is doing research into atomic energy. Not surprisingly, there is no recorded instance of this power ever having been used.

Even more extreme powers relate to business premises. Factory inspectors can enter any factory or warehouse at all reasonable hours of the day or night. Shop inspectors can do the same. Food enforcement officers can wander into any premises where food is stored or sold.

Weights and measures inspectors, too, enjoy varied powers of entry, including the right to walk into a baker's shop and insist on the baker weighing every loaf of bread in the place on the baker's own weighing machine.

Authorized officials of the local water board, borough surveyor's office, medical officer of health, public health inspector (new name for the old "sanitary officer"), pest control officer and any other department of local government concerned with public health can walk into an Englishman's home, if they have given notice.

The reason for the visit may be as important as a broken drain or as trivial as a dripping water tap.

If the householder refuses to admit him, the official can even resort to force. All he has to do is apply to the local magistrates and obtain a special warrant, which in most cases they are unable to refuse.

A typical case occurred recently in Sheffield. The local public health authorities wanted to repair the defective roof-guttering of a house. To do this, they needed to put their ladders and scaffolding in the next-door garden. But the owner refused to allow them to enter unless they paid her a lump sum as compensation for the damage her garden might suffer.

They could not agree on a figure. So the authorities asked the magistrates to give them a warrant to enter.

The magistrates granted it, saying that if damage was in fact caused the owner might later claim enough to put it right.

Many of the powers of entry enjoyed by local authorities are unimpeachable. They are a necessary consequence of administering a law-abiding, complex modern community. But few people realize the far-reaching rights that local gas boards and electricity authorities have to walk into their homes.

If the gas or electricity man calls on you while you are away on holiday, he has the right to obtain a warrant from a local justice of the peace and break into your house to get at the meter.

In practice, gas and electricity authorities use their powers only in extreme cases—such as when an elderly recluse steadfastly refuses entry to the collector or when a man persistently fails to pay his bills and then refuses to let the engineer in to disconnect the supply.

## "Odious" practice

Some methods of State interference with time-honoured notions of individual liberty are more insidious than physical entry into a private home.

In the five years from 1952 to 1957 nearly a thousand telephones were tapped by police and other State authorities.

Although describing the practice as "odious, invidious and obnoxious," three distinguished privy councillors recommended in 1957 that it should continue.

Few details are revealed, but it is known that one large-scale currency smuggler, believed to have illicitly exported £6 million over a period of three years, was recently caught by phone-tapping.

Authorized tappings take place only on the express authority of a warrant signed by the Home Secretary or the Secretary of State for Scotland. Each warrant lasts for only a month, after which it lapses unless specifically renewed. Tapping is confined to cases where serious crime or a threat to national security are involved.

Unauthorized phone - tapping, although it may involve trespass, is not a criminal offence, but it is difficult to carry out for technical reasons.

Few letter-writers realize that mail is quite commonly intercepted.

The legal power to open and detain letters can be traced back to the earliest days of the mails. But nowadays, as with phone-tapping, mail is opened only under the authority of a warrant from the Home Secretary, or the Scottish Secretary. And it has been officially said that this power is only to be used when the offence sought to be proved is serious, when normal methods of investigation have been tried and failed, and there is a good reason to think that the interception will result in a conviction.

This sounds fairly water-tight, but fashions change as to what constitutes "serious" crime. From 1909 to 1953 letters were frequently opened to prevent the transmission of illegal lottery material, such as Irish Sweepstake tickets. The practice ceased only when growing public approval of lotteries made the police change their line.

Perhaps the oddest cases of encroachment of individual rights are provided by local planning committees.

Recently a retired draper in eastern England had a new house built. The plans had been approved by the local planning committee beforehand. They provided that the house should be painted cream. However, once the work had got under way, the draper decided that he would prefer green.

As a result, the planning committee told him that he must have the house repainted cream at a cost of £50. That was the colour they had approved.

They added that, since their powers extended only to stipulating what the initial colour of the new house should be, they would have no objection to its subsequently being changed back to green. THE END

# The lady and the killer

*continued from page 6*

after another, grey against the gravel, dark against the cinders. He was Menace, he was Evil, he was danger to all established things and to the future. He was directly below them; they could see him when his pursuers could not.

"He can't possibly escape," Margaret said. "Why doesn't he surrender?"

"He doesn't dare," Thomasina guessed. "He did something back there where we couldn't see, when we heard the shooting. Besides what he did early this morning. Now he doesn't dare surrender, because they'll. . . ."

She did not need to say the words "kill him," so she did not say them, but they hung in the air.

KITTY stopped crying and looked again, trembling. They were all trembling as they stared down.

"Maybe we should get away from the windows?" Thomasina asked.

"Don't you try to drag me away!" shrilled Kitty, and nobody tried. "But I don't see him any more."

"I do," Sally said in a very low voice. "I see him. Climbing up this side of a sleeper stack." She turned away. "Now he can pick them off, because he's up higher." Her voice turned shrill: "Why don't they come home and let him go?"

Mrs. Lacy answered: "I guess they don't feel they can do that, just let him get away. He must have hurt somebody when we heard the shooting."

And who was hurt? Each of them wondered. Was it my man? Who's back there where the shooting was?

Sally said: "He's taking aim with his revolver. Thomasina—get him. Get him!"

Thomasina's rifle hung on the wall close at hand. She had shot two deer with it, and a half-grown black bear. But she looked now at the rifle as if it were the essence of evil and said, shuddering: "But I couldn't shoot a man!"

Below them, the man on the stack fired three times; his gun flashed in the shadows. There were shouts from somewhere and answering shots. There was the sharp, shocking sound of jeering laughter from the doomed, desperate man down below.

"I couldn't," Thomasina repeated, gasping.

"Well," Sally Meadows said thoughtfully. "Well, then, I will."

They stared at her with horror, at Sally Meadows, who had not touched a gun in Big Pass, who had turned away when anyone brought in game that had blood on it.

She took the rifle from the wall and loaded it. She walked to the window, and the others moved aside as if she were unclean. She crouched, using the sill for a rest, but the target was too far below for that. She stood up and aimed without a rest.

"I see him," she said. . . . "No, he's moved again."

Mrs. Lacy said urgently: "Sally, are you really so sure you want to do this?"

She answered: "I have to. It has to be done."

She fired one shot, and all of them heard the man scream. They saw him wave his arms and tumble off the stack.

Sally laid the gun on the window sill. She walked towards her room and entered, but did not close the door. Mrs. Lacy trotted after her with wordless whimperings meant for comfort.

"I am just putting on a wrap," Sally said gently. "Nobody needs to go with me. I am going to meet my man."

She waited a long time, sitting on a tree stump at a place that he would pass. He came striding through the dusk, and she spoke his name quietly.

"We're all right," she said. "All your girls. Don't be worried. Steve, that shot—I have to tell you. . . ."

He sucked in his breath. "Nobody knows for sure," he said valiantly. "There'll be plenty of men to take the credit. I didn't guess. . . ." But he had, of course.

"It wasn't to protect you," she said with thoughtful honesty. "I was—looking after your town. The poor, helpless baby of a town."

He wrapped her in his arms as if to keep away all harm, all torment, but he knew he could not do that. He could only wish and try.

"I won't go away from Big Pass now," she said, unless you do." Then she went limp in his arms and began to sob.

They had never intended to become old settlers, pioneer mothers. The teachers went to Big Pass because, in 1906, they were young and adventuresome. Sally Meadows went there because it was far from home, and nobody knew she had shot a man in Maine and was forever tormented by Furies.

But they all stayed and became old ladies, long married to their husbands, sedate and stern and highly respected. They were the authorities when latercomers to the placid, pretty town asked what it was like in the old days.

None of them told, in reminiscing, of how Steve Lacy's wife had shot a killer while they watched. They lied a little, said it must be just a story somebody made up. They remembered the day, all right. It wasn't a thing you could forget. It was part of the history of Big Pass. They knew where the half-forgotten graves were with the two desperadoes in them—one killed in a bullet-riddled boxcar, the other, the one who ran, a few hours later by a rifle shot from above.

Sarah Lacy lives there still. She walks proudly beside her husband, who served nine terms as mayor. She is still tormented by her Furies, as she knew she would be when she took the rifle from the wall and said: "I have to. It has to be done." THE END

© *Dorothy M. Johnson, 1959*

GENEROSITY—I

What is called generosity is usually only the vanity of giving.

La Rochefoucald

MAKE YOURSELF AT HOME
by Roger Smithells

# Furnish your garden

**Need more space? Turn the garden into a summer sitting-room with these easy-to-make chairs and tables**

**Because most garden furniture is too solid or too low-slung for my taste, I have tried out some new ideas in outdoor seating this year. These chairs and benches were simple to make. Instead of hard wood slats for backs and seats I have used tough, resilient, Pirelli webbing. This rubber bonded fabric strip gives the comfort of luxurious springs. The chairs fold flat for easy transport. The seat and back of the two-seater are hinged together and can be lifted out of the supporting frame. Featherweight cushions of plastic foam provide all the upholstery needed. We covered our cushions with bright printed cotton dress fabrics and painted the woodwork in white and geranium red. *Below:* The family tries out the new furniture. The little table for drinks and garden picnics has a separate Formica covered tray top. How-to-make-it details for all these pieces are on the next page.**

"THIS could be you," say the travel posters, under a picture of a sun-tanned beauty lazing on the beach with a long, long glass of cool lemonade. So it could, but why go to the beach? However small your plot, garden or yard, you can make out of it a pleasant sunbath of your own. With the customary crush on the roads it takes half a day to *get* to the beach—half a day which could be spent enjoying the sun on your own home ground.

Most of us would rather spend more time outside than in, in the summer, and if the garden is cultivated imaginatively it makes a welcome extra room. The first step is to lay a terrace. Enthusiastic gardeners resent keenly the deep holes made by deck chairs and tea tables on the lawn. For the sake of family peace, it will pay you to pave a sitting area near to the house. This will also save you from having dirty boots in the house at other times of the year.

In town areas, you can often get paving stones, whole or broken, from local councils. Old stones which have been uprooted from pavements are available for a nominal sum, or free, provided you arrange to take them away. You can also buy coloured crazy paving; price varies according to colour. In grey, it costs about 10s. a square yard; in two shades of red, green or yellow, it costs about 12s. a square yard.

To lay paving, you need to level the ground, allowing a slight slope away from the house for drainage. Spread the surface with sand, or ashes and clinker from the boiler. Then roll this surface with a heavy roller until it is thoroughly hard and stamped down. Lay the stones, either regularly or making a crazy paving design, and tap them down firmly and evenly with a mallet. Finally, to keep the stones permanently in place, fill the cracks between them with coarse cement.

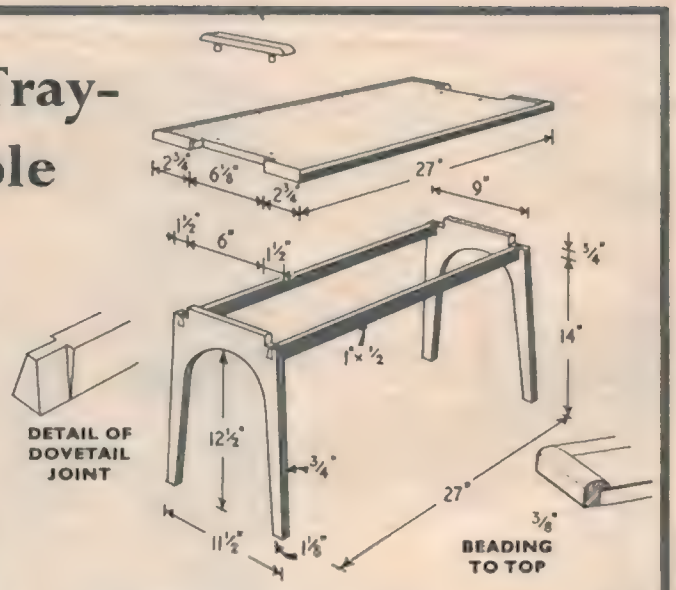
Paving stones are not the only things that you can get virtually free from local councils. Some councils are also trying to get rid of old horse- and cattle-troughs, and disused park benches. Before you go out to buy anything for the garden, it is worth paying a visit to your town hall to see if any of these things are available in your area.

## Use a horse-trough

A horse-trough, filled with earth, and planted with trailing plants in bright colours, would make a pretty showpiece separating the terrace from the rest of the garden. A disused park bench, painted white, not only looks nice but is also always there to be sat on, without having to turn the garden shed upside down looking for the deck chairs. To add to the bench's comfort, you could make a set of cushions in some tough material like canvas or sailcloth to put on it. Use plain colours for these, as floral designs are inclined to clash with the natural flowers.

A trellis is a valuable piece of terrace furniture. The ordinary expanding garden variety is available everywhere, and can be used in several ways. You can either pin it to an existing wall or make a framework of posts for it. The posts should be treated with creosote

# The Tray-Table



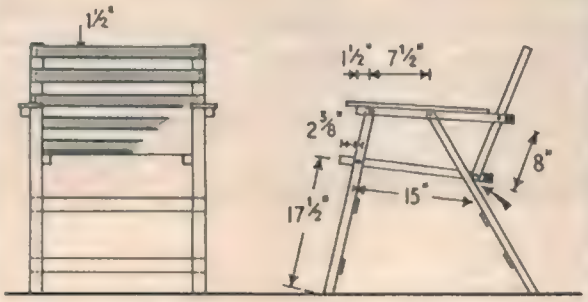

**You will need:** For the tray; one piece ¼ in. plywood and one sheet of Formica each 26½ in. x 11⅛ in. One 7 ft. length of edge beading. Two screw-on handles. For the leg units, one piece ¾ in. plywood 20 in. x 15 in. For the crossrails, two pieces of wood 27 in. x 1 in. x ½ in. **Method:** Cut two leg units from piece of ¾ in. plywood. Fix cross rails with simple dovetail joints glued with Aerolite. To make tray, cut the ¼ in. plywood and Formica to fit round projecting portion of leg units. Stick Formica to plywood with contact adhesive. Edge with beading. Screw on handles before being sunk at least a foot into the ground.

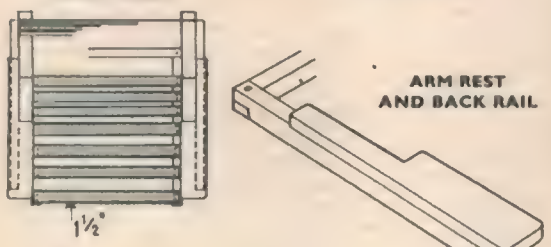
A novel plan is to make a three-part screen like the one you have indoors out of trellis. This, bent in an S-shape will conceal unsightly dustbins. Tougher than ordinary trellis, and more expensive, are panels of cedar wood screen, 6 ft. by 3 ft. These cost 35s. each, and can be used to provide shelter from the wind or to screen your garden from next door. They can be built up as you like, and are strong enough to take hanging pot plants, and, of course, climbing plants and creepers.

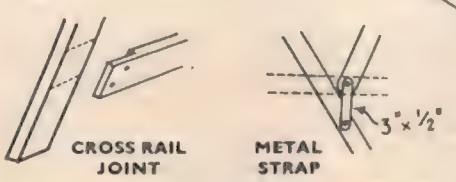
Brightly coloured plants in pots and urns will take away the bare look of a terrace. You can often buy huge Victorian or Edwardian aspidistra pots—you may even have a chipped one in the attic yourself—and these look delightful filled with geraniums or trailing nasturtiums. The bigger urns made of concrete or stone are more expensive, and here there is a transport difficulty. These urns are heavy and fragile, and do not travel easily, so if you have no stonemason's yard locally, where you could get one, it would be better to stick to china pots, which are much easier to carry about.

You could make another attractive kind of plant container out of a barrel, sawn in half. The size of barrel does not matter: assorted sizes would be the most convenient if you plan to have a large variety of plants. Treat the finished container with creosote, or better still paint it with gloss paint in a good colour. Either black or white would probably be the most flattering background for bright trailing flowers.

# The Folding Chair



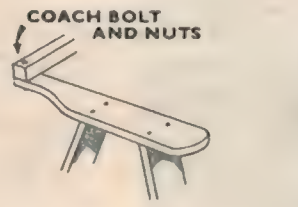



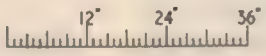




**You will need:** Two front legs 26 in. x 1½ in. x ⅞ in. Two back legs 26¾ in. x 1½ in. x ⅞ in. Four cross rails 22 in. x 1½ in. x ⅞ in. Two arm rails 20 in. x ⅞ in. sq. Connecting arm rail 23¾ in. x ⅞ in. sq. Two shaped arm rests 18 in. x 3 in. x ½ in. Two side seat rails 19½ in. x ⅞ in. Back seat rail 18¾ in. x ⅞ in. sq. Two back uprights 18 in. x 1½ in. x ⅞ in. 8 yds. 1½ in. Pirelli webbing. **Method:** Bolt together seat, back, arm and leg members so that folding actions work freely. Diminish spacing between seat webbing from 1½ in. at front to ¾ in. at back. Allow 1½ in. spaces between back webbing. Add ¾ in. plastic foam loose cushions

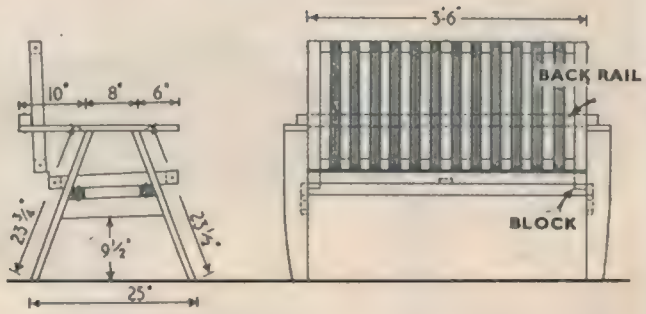
# The Two-Seater

**You will need:** Timber for seat and back frames, four 38½ in. x 1¾ in. sq.; four 19 in. x 1¾ in. sq.; two spacers 15½ in. x 1¾ in. x ¾ in. For underframe, two 47½ in. x 1¾ in. sq. Two 17 in. x 1¾ in. sq. Back rail 45½ in. x 1¾ in. sq. Two front legs 23½ in. x 3½ in. x 1 in. Two back legs 23¾ in. x 3½ in. x 1 in. Two arm rests 24 in. x 3½ in. x 1 in. Back cross rail 49½ in. x 3½ in. x 1 in. 14 yds. of 1½ in. Pirelli webbing. **Method:** Glue all joints with Aerolite except back cross rail and underframe cross rail which are fixed with coach bolts and nuts only. Screw underframe end rails to front and rear legs. Join seat and back frames with hinges as shown. Allow 1½ in. between webbing and fix to face of wood frame with two improved upholstery tacks at either end. Photograph shows method of securing full tension on webbing before tacking and cutting. Add loose cushions of ¾ in. plastic foam. Pirelli webbing and plastic foam are available from most of the leading stores or can be obtained direct from Progress Mercantile Co. Ltd., 368 Old Street, London, E.C.1






Use this scale to check two-seater measurements

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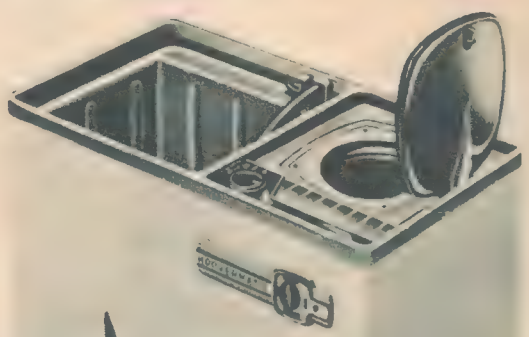

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# Building your own house

**Building a home which is really your own from roof to foundations is one of life's biggest thrills. Here's how to set about it**

There is something fascinating about watching men build a house, especially when it is to be your house, built to your own design

HAVING a house built for you is an exciting adventure. This is probably the only time in your life that you will have a home where every little bit has been chosen to suit your personal taste.

Two problems confront you at the outset. First, you have to find a plot of land, which is sometimes more difficult than finding a house. It may pay you to buy a plot of land with a condemned or ruined house already on it. This is often cheaper than buying a building plot which is sold as such. You must also take into account the fact that it will take a year or so to build the house, so you will have the additional expense of housing the family meanwhile.

## How to get it done

1. First settle on a district and find a possible plot of building land.
2. Choose an architect. The best way to do this is to search the district for new houses which, though they may not be at all what you want in size or plan, strike you as being the right type. Find out the names of the architects responsible—the owners will be delighted to give you this information—and go to the one you think will suit you best.

Too many of us regard an architect as a luxury person, with his head in the clouds, too busy designing immense city developments and vast, important factories to concern himself with our small houses. But this is not so. An architect can and does turn his hand to designing any building, however large or small, and most architects are particularly interested in domestic building. Employing an architect to design your house will save you money for you will get the very best value from every penny you spend.

3. Before completing purchase of the site, get your architect to "vet" it. There may be hidden snags which make it useless, or prohibitively expensive, as a building site.
4. Give your architect a list of your requirements. Don't just tell him how many bedrooms you want—tell him everything about yourself and your family. The more complete a picture he gets of your family's way of life, the better he can plan a house to suit you.
5. Let your architect do the planning. He will produce sketch designs for your consideration. It is easy to make alterations at this stage, but very expensive later. If you don't understand his plans or perspective sketches, ask him to have a model made.
6. When the design is settled, the architect prepares plans for submission to the authorities with an application for permission to build.
7. Working drawings are then made, and a specification drawn up. This describes in detail the materials and workmanship to be used in building the house. Before he can write it, the architect must get your decisions on the type of flooring to be used in the different rooms, the type of heating and water heating, the window sills, bricks, bathroom fittings and so on. With his experience he can tell you the pros and cons, compare prices and show you samples.
8. The architect then sends copies of the plans and specification to a few selected builders, and invites them to tender for building the house. Only in this way can one discover which builder is most anxious to do the job. Though both are quoting for precisely the same thing, there may be £500 difference between the highest and lowest tenders.
9. The best tender is accepted, contracts are signed, and the builder gets to work. The architect supervises the work to see that the builder is following the plans properly, that materials and workmanship are up to the required standard, and that the terms of the contract are being complied with. At agreed intervals he certifies the value of work done and materials delivered so that you can pay the builder instalments of the contract price.
10. On completion of the job, and after the expiry of an agreed "retention" period, during which a proportion of the contract price is held back in case defects appear, the architect checks the builder's final account.

## Alternative methods

It is possible to buy ready-made plans and specifications for less money than it would cost you to employ an architect. If you do so, however, there are two points to consider.

A ready-made plan is virtually a ready-made house, it is not *your* house. You will have to do as much adapting of your family's habits as you would if you bought a house which is already built.

There is also the problem of siting. A made-to-measure house is designed to suit the plot of ground it is built on. A ready-made design will need adapting—which costs money—if it is to fit on to a site which is in any way uneven. Nor is there any guarantee that the shape of the house will fit your site. It is quite probable that the "sun-trap" window in the sitting room will face due north, and a picture window planned for a vista may look over nothing more fascinating than the next door dustbins. To make the most of a site, the house should be designed with all the natural features in mind.

## The cost of building

You can get a very rough idea how much a house is going to cost by making a list of the required accommodation, adding together the floor areas of all the rooms, adding ten per cent for passages, etc., and multiplying the answer by a minimum of £3 per square foot. The floor area of a four-bedroomed house might work out at about 1,500 square feet. It would cost a minimum of £4,500 to build.

Architects' fees are based on the cost of the house. They are operated on a sliding scale laid down by the Royal Institute of British Architects. On a new house costing upwards of £4,000, the fees would be six per cent. Below this the fees are slightly higher. Don't be afraid to discuss fees: these should be settled during your first conference.

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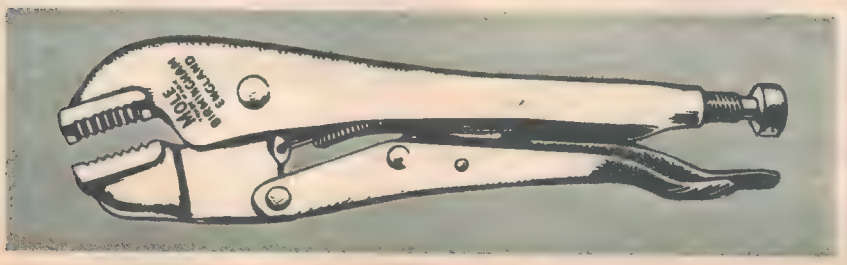

## Has Constipation gone out of Fashion?

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*Have you had any of these warning signs lately?*

- Loss of appetite ... ... ... ☐
- Bad Mouth Taste ... ... ☐
- Biliousness ... ... ... ... ☐
- Headaches ... ... ... ... ☐
- Poor Complexion ... ... ... ☐
- Always Tired ... ... ... ☐

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# My dad and the Derby

*continued from page 12*

church, cutting a long swathe of brightness through the shadows. Father Gregory chuckled and slapped his leg. "There you are, my boy. There's your answer. The holy saint has heard your prayer. Look where he's pointing."

The narrow white path of light, dancing with dust, stretched across the church, up the outstretched arm of St. Sebastian and into his bright blue eyes. It was just as if he was pointing along the beam at the group of girls we could see skipping in the street outside. They had a great long rope which stretched from side to side of the road and allowed four of them to skip at once.

"There's an idea for you. We might just be able to do it that way." Father Gregory corrected himself hastily. "I mean *you* might be able to do it."

"Yes, Father?"

He sighed. "What strange tasks our duty calls us to. . . ."

The master-plan we worked out behind the font was simple and chancy, but the best we could do in the limited time available.

I got my personal gang to go round the streets and press into service all the kids they could find; and when we were finally ready, the return of Sergeant Flaxman was imminent.

On its corner position at the crossroads, Jippy's premises had three open sides—the frontage on Golden Road, the sidewall with the grating in Fenton Street, and the alley running off Fenton Street and along the back of the block. The four policemen were still in position—Number One inside, Number Two in Golden Road, Number Three patrolling up and down Fenton Street in front of the grating, and Number Four in the alley, standing near the coal-hole.

Our forces were deployed for action. Father Gregory was at the corner diagonally across from Jippy's shop, talking innocently to Mrs. Grady at her door. The six girls with the long skipping rope were performing in Golden Road, near policeman Number Two. The two Gethin boys with four dogs leashed with string waited opposite the shop.

Two girls with perambulators containing baby brothers and another with a pushchair and baby sister chatted together on the pavement near the shop door. Tim Murphy and two other boys on pushbikes were set to roll from the far side of the crossroads.

At the top of Fenton Street, Fatty Giano and three more of the largest boys in the district were courteously twining another long skipping rope while four brawny girls jumped ponderously within its arc. Across the road, opposite the grating, two boys lounged by two ice-cream barrows, with three more dogs roped to a wheel. Farther down the street, on the same side as the grating, three boys on ball-bearing scooters and a two-man soap box on wheels were ready.

I pedalled around the corner on Fiddler Murphy's push bike, balanced perilously on the cross bar, wobbled past the grating and twenty yards on to a stop outside the rag-and-bone man's yard. I left the cycle propped at the kerb and walked nonchalantly back up the street.

It took policeman Number Three twelve slow paces to go from the alley to the corner.

As soon as his back was to me and he'd passed the grating, I nipped forward on my plimsolls and pushed a flat spanner with the message round it through between the bars and down on to the floor of the cellar. Then I moved into the road and joined Fatty Giano's outsize skipping team.

I looked across at Father Gregory. He glanced up and down the street, then pulled his beard decisively. It was Zero minus thirty seconds. I gave the nod to Ginger Thomas, who was in the boy scout's band, and he gave a blast on his bugle.

Our forces moved up to the start lines. The Golden Road skipping team worked along past policeman Number Two until they were spread diagonally out into the crossroads. They were bouncing to the ditty . . .

*Wall-flowers, wall-flowers, growing up so high,*
*All you young ladies are growing up to die.*

My team came down Fenton Street till Fatty and I were standing with our end of the rope just over the grating, a good length trailing spare behind us. The policeman came down on his patrol, turned at the alley and started back up again. I looked over at Father Gregory. He pulled his beard again, bowed to Mrs. Grady and walked away.

That was Zero minus five seconds and I gave the word to Maisie Keats, eleven years old, golden-haired, with innocent blue eyes, the great love of my life. She ran after the policeman, caught him just as he got to the lamp-post, and talked to him excitedly. He couldn't make out what she was saying and bent down to hear better. . . .

I knelt down, slipped the rope through the bars of the grating and tied a slip knot. It was zero hour now and Ginger blew like mad on his bugle. . . .

The troops went over the top and chaos, anarchy and confusion blossomed around Jippy's shop. The girls with the prams and pushchair bowled forward and jammed their vehicles, wheel locked in wheel, between the lamp-post and the corner walls. The Golden Road skippers bunched in towards the post—and policeman Number One was isolated.

In swept Tim Murphy and the cycle contingent. They pulled up by the skipping team and laid their machines flat in the road. Tim emptied a bag of cat's meat around the lamp-post. His mates scattered bags of marbles. All seven dogs were released and went scrapping for the meat. Girls began to scream, babies to cry. . . .

At the far end of the alley a girl appeared and yelled, "Help! Help! He's murdering my mum!"

Policeman Number Four, at the coal-hole, turned and ran off towards her. As he went the two ice-cream barrows rumbled across Fenton Street, jammed together in the entrance to the alley and sealed him off. The three scooters and the soap box tore along the pavement and skidded to a stop in the rear of policeman Number Three who was trying to get the prams apart. He took a step forward and slipped up on a footfull of marbles, going flat down among the dogs. The corner about him was a raging hell of pram wheels, cat's meat, fighting animals, screaming girls, howling babies, and Ginger Thomas belting out eternal reveilles on his bugle. . . .

Everybody else, over a dozen of us, lay back on the taut bell rope. "Heave!" I yelled. And the grating clanged across the road. My father came up out the broken space like a mole, ran along the pavement to the bike and pedalled away out of sight.

There was a wild roaring as Sergeant Flaxman came running along Golden Road, shouting. "After him, you fools!"

The Golden Road skipping team veered smartly across his path and he blundered into their turning rope. It brought him sprawling to the ground.

Next I blew my whistle as hard as I could. Fatty untied the bell rope and we dragged it after us as we ran into the rag-and-bone yard. Bikes were mounted, prams freed, and children hared off in all directions.

A few seconds later there was nothing to be seen at the crossroads but the dogs sniffling about, the sergeant uncoiling the rope from his legs and the three policemen trying both to help him up and avoid his flailing notebook.

I kept the first part of my promise to St. Sebastian and never allowed my father to act as sick relief to a bookie's runner again. He backed Steve Donoghue's horse in the Derby himself and lost his shirt. He was livid about it next day when he realized that St. Sebastian had been a real sport, not only spiriting him out of the coal cellar, but also giving him a fair tip into the bargain.

For a horse called The Miracle ran into third place, and it wouldn't have been a bad shot at 100-9. THE END

© *Patrick Ryan, 1959*

### GENEROSITY—2

He who gives what he would as readily throw away gives without generosity; for the essence of generosity is self-sacrifice.

Henry Taylor

Answers to **Everybody's Puzzling**

See page ...

### BRAIN TEASER

If by chance, Dora bought 3 eggs of each kind, she would have 12 eggs. One more egg must be a fourth of one of the kinds so she should buy 13 eggs.

### QUIZZLE

The quotation: Alas, regardless of their doom, the little victims play (Gray).
Clue Down: Stonehenge. Salisbury Plain.
Clues Across: (A) Shrapnel; (B) Transom; (C) Oread; (D) Niggard; (E) Errand; (F) Halberd; (G) Essay; (H) Notary; (I) Graft; (J) Exhale; (K) Stirrup; (L) Avocado; (M) Loam; (N) Insult; (O) Shambles; (P) Bullion; (Q) Ulster; (R) Rectangle; (S) Yerba; (T) Pulverise; (U) Lectern; (V) Animus; (W) Impulse; (X) Navvy.

# The uneasy heads

*continued from page 15*

unaware of it, Umberto's cause also receives money from the Mafia. This strange army of bandits, Sicilian in origin and inspiration, is unswervingly traditionalist in its ideals. It supports in Italy, Sicily and even the United States many honest Italian families of ancient lineage. Mafia agents are to be found high up in monarchist councils in both Palermo and Naples.

The 1946 vote showed that Umberto, in spite of everything, had left behind a large fund of goodwill in Italy. The south and Sicily were heavily for him and there were important royalist centres in the north, especially among the aggressive Piedmontese, "the Prussians of Italy." Much depended on how Umberto would behave himself in exile, whether he went politicking like the Count of Paris, or withdrew utterly from politics like Leopold, whether he behaved with dignity like his neighbour, Don Juan, or without like Peter of Yugoslavia.

Umberto refused to lend himself to monarchist propaganda of any sort.

"My political faith," he told the Italians, "is that only monarchy which represents all classes can give my country the calm she needs for formulating wise counsels undistorted by partisanship. I shall return to the throne only if it is decided that it is clearly the people's will."

The odd result of this estimable policy has been that Umberto is more popular in Italy today than he was before his exile, but he has less public support. He is treated seriously as a distinguished Italian in the press and in Italian councils. But the monarchist parties which back him earn no respect at all. They are mostly a mob of brawling hooligans, split among themselves, who join with the neo-Fascists in the Chamber of Deputies.

Monarchists in elections usually poll about seven per cent of the total vote. Should another referendum be held on the monarchist question—which is not likely—Umberto would get a much larger vote than this, but a much smaller one than he received in 1946.

The Italians, in short, have lost the urge for monarchy. Conservatives and Liberals who clung to the monarchy in 1946 as a symbol of stability have grown used to doing without it.

So the Italian royal family today, held in higher esteem by Italians than it had been for years, is a family without hope.

Umberto is reconciled in spirit to Queen Marie-José, who still lives in Switzerland and does her best to share from there the burden of her royal mission with her husband.

The eldest daughter, Maria Pia, who bears a strong resemblance to her father, married Prince Alexander of Yugoslavia and settled in France. The second, Maria Gabriella ("Ella"), is the darling of the Italian illustrated magazines. A studious, attractive, unusually tall girl, five feet nine inches in height, she was born in 1940 and acts as her father's hostess. Inevitably she has been reported engaged to both of the most eligible Catholic princes, Baudouin of Belgium and Don Juan Carlos of Spain. A third daughter, Maria Beatrice, was born in 1943.

The heir to the throne, Victor Emmanuel, born in 1937, is an alert, quick-witted boy who has grown up with his mother. He is barred from Italy but has shown commendable initiative, and commendable contempt for a despicable law, by smuggling himself across the Italian frontier in pursuit of girl friends.

Victor Emmanuel has gone through the royal sporting and scholastic curriculum but has little time for royal routine. As his mother forecast many years before, he prefers to be an engineer, and has little interest in the family destiny.

So the burden of Italian monarchy is carried by Umberto alone. If the monarchy is to be restored in Italy it will be restored in his lifetime or not at all, and time is running out.

© *Geoffrey Bocca, 1959*

***NEXT WEEK: Will Franco let Don Juan rule Spain?***

GENEROSITY—3

He who is not liberal with what he has does but deceive himself when he thinks that he would be more liberal if he had more.

W. S. Plumer


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# The Night of Wenceslas

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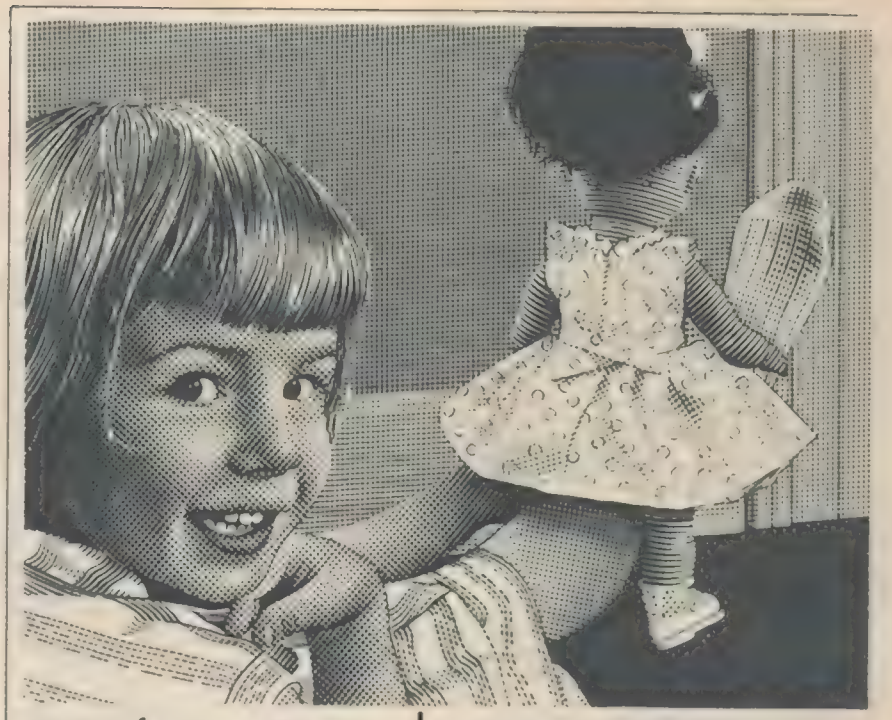
**BEGINS NEXT WEEK**





*When I'm grown-up*

*and get married, I'll have ten children and then we'll be twelve. We'll need a lot of Hovis each week, but my mummy says it's well worth that little bit extra.*

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# The alibi

*continued from page 22*

a blanket wrapped round the lower part of her and, in spite of the hot, stuffy day and the lack of air in the basement, she was wearing a thick woollen cardigan.

"Have you seen a doctor?" he asked, with some concern.

She shook her head.

"If I were you," he said, "I should. You don't look well at all." He remembered the boy, still tied to the scraper above. "Shall I bring Johnnie down to you?"

"Please," she said.

Her eyes reminded him of an animal's eyes in pain. He felt disturbed. It was rather dreadful, going off and leaving her like this. But what could he do? He went up the basement stairs and through the deserted front hall, and opened the front door.

The boy was sitting there, humped. He allowed himself to be untied. He had the same sort of apathy as the woman. What a hopeless pair they were, thought Fenton; they really ought to be in somebody's charge.

He carried the child downstairs and sat him in his usual chair by the kitchen table.

"What about his tea?" he asked.

"I'll get it presently," said Madame Kaufman. She shuffled out of her bedroom, still wrapped in the blanket, with a package in her hands, some sort of paper parcel, tied up with string.

"What's that?" he asked.

"Some rubbish," she said, "if you would throw it away with yours. The dustmen won't call again until next week."

He took the package from her.

"Are you sure there is nothing else you want?" he said awkwardly.

"No," she said. She didn't even call him Mr. Sims. She made no effort to smile or hold out her hand.

"I'll send you a postcard from Scotland," he said, and then patted Johnnie's head. "So long," he added—a silly expression, and one he never normally used. Then he went out of the back door, round the corner of the house and out of the gate, and so along Boulting Street with an oppressive feeling in his heart that he had somehow behaved badly.

The September sky was overcast and the Embankment dusty, drear. He unwrapped his package and began to throw his "rejects" into the river. A head of Johnnie, very poor indeed. An attempt at the cat. A canvas that had got stained with something or other and could not be used again. Over the bridge they went and away with the tide, the canvas floating like a matchbox, white and frail. It was rather sad to watch it drift from sight.

He walked along the Embankment towards home, and then, before he turned to cross the road, realized that he was still carrying the paper parcel Madame Kaufman had given him. He had forgotten to throw it away with the rejects.

He was about to toss the parcel into the river when he noticed a policeman watching him from the opposite side of the road. He was seized with an uneasy feeling that it was against the law to dispose of litter in this way. He walked on self-consciously. After he had gone a hundred yards he glanced back over his shoulder. The policeman was still staring after him. Absurd, it made him feel quite guilty. The strong arm of the law. He continued his walk, swinging the parcel nonchalantly, humming a little tune. To hell with the river, he would dump the parcel into one of the litter baskets in Chelsea Hospital gardens.

He turned into the gardens and dropped the parcel into the first basket, on top of two or three newspapers and a pile of orange peel. No offence in that.

He could see the damn fool of a bobby watching through the railings, but Fenton took good care not to show the fellow he noticed him. Anyone would think he was trying to dispose of a bomb.

Then he walked swiftly home, and remembered, as he went up the stairs, that the Alhusons were coming to dinner. The routine dinner before the holiday. The thought did not bore him now as it had once. He would chat away to them both about Scotland without any sensation of being trapped and stifled. How Jack Alhuson would stare if he knew how Fenton spent his afternoons.

"Hallo, you're early," said Edna, who was arranging the flowers.

"Yes," he replied. "I cleared up everything at the office in good time. Thought I might make a start planning the itinerary. I'm looking forward to going north."

"I'm so glad," she said. "I was afraid you might be getting bored with Scotland year after year."

She kissed his cheek and he kissed her back, well content. He smiled as he went to look out his maps. She did not know she had a genius for a husband.

The Alhusons had arrived and they were just sitting down to dinner when the front door bell rang.

"Who on earth's that?" exclaimed Edna. "Don't say we asked someone else and have forgotten all about them."

"I haven't paid the electricity bill," said Fenton. "They've sent round to cut us off, and we shan't get the soufflé."

He paused in the middle of carving the chicken, and the Alhusons laughed.

"I'll go," said Edna.

She came back in a few moments with a half-amused, half-puzzled expression on her face. "It's not the electricity men," she said. "It's the police."

"The police?" said Fenton. "What do they want?"

"I haven't the faintest idea," Edna replied. "It's an ordinary policeman and what I assumed to be another in plain clothes. They asked to speak to the owner of the house."

Fenton shrugged his shoulders. "You carry on," he said to his wife. "I'll see if I can get rid of them. They've probably come to the wrong address."

As soon as Fenton saw the uniformed policeman standing in the hall his face changed. He recognized the man who had stared after him on the Embankment.

"Good evening," he said. "What can I do for you?"

The man in plain clothes took the initiative.

"Did you happen to walk through Chelsea Hospital gardens this afternoon, sir?" he inquired.

Both men were watching Fenton intently.

"Yes," he said. "Yes, I did."

"You were carrying a parcel?"

"I believe I was."

"Did you put the parcel in a litter basket by the Embankment entrance, sir?"

"I did."

"Would you object to telling us what was in the parcel?"

"I have no idea."

"I can put the question another way, sir. Could you tell us where you obtained the parcel?"

Fenton hesitated. What were they driving at?"

"I don't see what it has to do with you," he said. "It's not an offence to put rubbish in a litter basket, is it?"

"Not ordinary rubbish," said the man in plain clothes.

Fenton looked from one to the other. Their faces were serious.

"Do you mind if I ask you a question?" he said.

"No, sir."

"Do you know what was in the parcel?"

"Yes."

"You mean the policeman here—I

## BE A BETTER DRIVER

# *In slow—out fast*

ACCIDENTS resulting from "running out of road" when taking a bend or corner can be classified under one heading only — "bad driving." Expert drivers sum up their cornering technique with the saying "in slow, out fast; in fast and you'll be carried out feet first."

Each bend and corner must be assessed as you come to it. Whether you can keep your car under control will depend on the angle of the bend, the camber of the road, the speed of the car, the road surface, tyre conditions, your method of approach and driving technique.

The vital thing to remember when taking a bend is to avoid, at all costs, trying to exceed the limitation of either your car or your own skill.

Aim at smooth, safe progress and not speed. Watch an expert take a right-hand bend and you will see that he increases the radius of the bend by keeping well into the left-hand side at the approach. He remains there until he gets a clear view of the end of the curve and what lies ahead. Then he drives in the straightest possible path without crossing over the centre white line.

Knowing that the danger point is at, or just past, the apex of the bend, when most of the car's weight is thrown on to the outside wheels, he does all his braking at the approach to the bend while the car is travelling in a straight line.

### Watch the mirror

He changes into a lower gear, if necessary, checks the mirror and, with *both* hands on the steering wheel, drives all the way round the bend with his foot on the accelerator, firmly or gently according to the circumstances.

If while about to negotiate a right-hand bend he notices that the camber on the left-hand side is excessive, or the road surface is loose, or is greasy or covered with leaves and therefore liable to encourage skidding, he does not try to increase the radius, but instead, reduces speed and takes the bend slowly.

For a left-hand bend, he increases the radius by *approaching* the bend with the offside wheels near the centre white line. Again he brakes in the straight, changes into the correct gear and once more flattens the curve—he never takes it wide—with his foot on the accelerator.

The brakes should be released when starting to turn the steering wheel. In most cases, acceleration should begin at this point.

If you are following a large van round a left-hand bend, keep well into the nearside and get your early view up the nearside of the van. For a right-hand bend, keep slightly to the right of the vehicle and obtain your early view of the offside of the vehicle in front, but always remember to keep at such a distance that you can see the braking light of the vehicle in front of the one you are following.

*Compiled in co-operation with the Institute of Advanced Motorists. A non-profit-making organization, its object is to improve the standard of driving and the promotion of road safety. The address of the Institute is 21 Harrington Road, London, S.W.7.*

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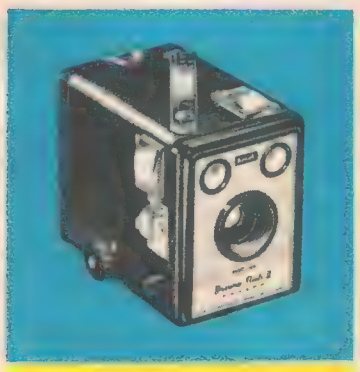

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"See? Just like I said—you *never* get the crowds on this little beach"

# The alibi

*continued from previous page*

remember passing him on the beat—actually followed me, and took the parcel after I had dropped it in the bin?"

"That is correct."

"What an extraordinary thing to do."

"It happens to be his job to keep an eye on people who behave in a suspicious manner."

Fenton began to get annoyed. "There was nothing suspicious in my behaviour whatsoever," he declared. "It so happens that I had been clearing up odds and ends in my office this afternoon, and it's rather a fad of mine to throw rubbish in the river on my way home. Very often I feed the gulls too. Today I was about to throw in my usual packet when I noticed the officer here glance in my direction. It occurred to me that perhaps it's illegal to throw rubbish in the river, so I decided to put it in the litter basket instead."

"You've just stated," said the man in plain clothes, "that you didn't know what was in the parcel, and now you state that it was odds and ends from the office. Which statement is true?"

Fenton began to feel hunted.

"Both statements are true," he snapped. "It so happens that the people at the office wrapped the parcel up for me today, and I didn't know what they had put in it."

It would not do, though. Their set faces said so, and he supposed it sounded a thin enough tale—a middle-aged man collecting rubbish so that he could throw it in the river on his way home from the office, like a small boy throwing twigs from a bridge.

The plain-clothes policeman said: "Read your notes, Sergeant."

The man in uniform took out his notebook and read aloud:

"At five minutes past six today I was walking along the Embankment and I noticed a man on the opposite pavement make as though to throw a parcel in the river. He observed me looking and walked quickly on, and then glanced back over his shoulder to see if I was still watching him. His manner was suspicious.

"He then crossed to the entrance to Chelsea Hospital gardens and, after looking up and down in a furtive manner, dropped the parcel in the litter bin and hurried away. I went to the bin and retrieved the parcel, and then followed the man to 14 Annersley Square, which he entered. I took the parcel to the station and handed it over to the officer on duty. We examined the parcel together. It contained the body of a premature new-born infant."

Fenton felt all his strength ebb from him. Horror and fear merged together like a dense, overwhelming cloud, and he collapsed on to a chair.

"Oh, God," he said. "Oh, God, what's happened . . . ?"

Through the cloud he saw Edna looking at him from the open door of the dining-room, with the Alhusons behind her. The man in plain clothes was saying: "I shall have to ask you to come down to the station and make a statement."

FENTON sat in the inspector's room, with the inspector behind a desk, and the plain-clothes man, and the policeman in uniform, and someone else, a medical officer. Edna was there, too—he had especially asked for Edna to be there. The Alhusons were waiting outside, but the terrible thing was the expression on Edna's face. It was obvious that she did not believe him. Nor did the policemen.

"Yes, it's been going on for six months," he repeated. "When I say 'going on' I mean my painting has been going on, nothing else, nothing else at all . . . I was seized with the desire to paint . . . I can't explain it. I never shall. It just came over me. And on impulse I walked in at the gate of number eight Boulting Street. The woman came to the door and I asked if she had a room to let, and after a few moments' discussion she said she had—a room of her own in the basement—nothing to do with the landlord; we agreed to say nothing to the landlord. So I took possession. And I've been going there every afternoon for six months. I said nothing about it to my wife . . . I thought she wouldn't understand. . . ."

He turned in despair to Edna, and she just sat there, staring at him.

"I admit I've lied," he said. "I've lied to everyone. I lied at home, I lied

**THUMBTHING by Stowell**

at the office. I told them at the office I had contacts with another firm, that I went there during the afternoon, and I told my wife—bear me out, Edna—I told my wife I was either kept late at the office, or I was playing bridge at the club. The truth was that I went every day to number eight Boulting Street. Every day."

He had not done anything wrong. Why did they have to stare at him? Why did Edna hold on to the arms of the chair?

"What age is Madame Kaufman? I don't know. About twenty-seven, I should think . . . or thirty, she could be any age . . . and she has the little boy, Johnnie . . . she is an Austrian, she had led a very sad life and her husband had left her. . . . No, I never saw anyone in the house at all, no other men. . . ."

He paused, then his story flowed on. "I went there to paint. I didn't go for anything else. She'll tell you so. She'll tell you the truth. I'm sure she is very attached to me. . . . At least, no, I don't mean that; when I say attached I mean she is grateful for the money I pay her . . . that is the rent, the five pounds for the room.

"There was absolutely nothing else between us, there couldn't have been, it was out of the question. . . . Yes, yes, of course I was ignorant of her condition. I'm not very observant . . . it was not the sort of thing I would have noticed. And she did not say a word, not a word." He turned again to Edna. "Surely you believe me?"

She said: "You never told me you wanted to paint. You've never mentioned painting, or artists, all our married life."

It was the frozen blue of her eyes that he could not bear.

He said to the inspector: "Can't we go to Boulting Street now, at once? That poor soul must be in great distress. She should see a doctor, someone should be looking after her. Can't we all go now, my wife too, so that Madame Kaufman can explain everything?"

And, thank God, he had his way. It was agreed they should go to Boulting Street. A police car was summoned, and he and Edna and two police officers climbed into it, and the Alhusons followed behind in their car. He heard them say something to the inspector about not wanting Mrs. Fenton to be alone, the shock was too great.

The car drew up before the familiar house, and they all got out. He led the way through the gate and round to the back door, and opened it.

As soon as they entered the passage the smell of gas was unmistakable.

"It's leaking again," he said. "It does, from time to time. She tells the men, but they never come."

Nobody answered. He walked swiftly to the kitchen. The door was shut, and here the smell of gas was stronger still.

The inspector murmured something to his subordinates. "Mrs. Fenton had better stay outside in the car with her friends."

"No," said Fenton. "No, I want my wife to hear the truth."

But Edna began to walk back along the passage with one of the policemen, and the Alhusons were waiting for her, their faces solemn.

And then everybody seemed to go at once into the bedroom, into Madame Kaufman's bedroom. They jerked up the blind and let in the air, but the smell of gas was overpowering, and they leaned over the bed and she was lying there asleep, with Johnnie beside her; both fast asleep. The envelope containing the twenty pounds was lying on the floor.

"Can't you wake her?" said Fenton. "Can't you wake her and tell her that Mr. Sims is here? Mr. Sims."

One of the policemen took hold of his arm and led him from the room.

When they told Fenton that Madame Kaufman was dead, and Johnnie, too, he shook his head and said: "It's terrible . . . terrible . . . if only she'd told me, if only I'd known what to do. . . ."

He was not sure what everyone was waiting for. The ambulance, he supposed, or whatever it was that would take poor Madame Kaufman and Johnnie away. He asked: "Can we go home, my wife and I?"

The inspector exchanged a glance with the man in plain clothes, and then he said: "I'm afraid not, Mr. Fenton. We shall want you to return with us to the station."

"But I've told you the truth," said Fenton wearily. "There's no more to say. I have nothing to do with this tragedy. Nothing at all." Then he remembered his paintings. "You haven't seen my work," he said. "They're all here, in the room next door. Please ask my wife to come back, and my friends, too. I want them to see my work. Besides, now that this has happened, I wish to remove my belongings."

"We will take care of that," said the inspector.

"That's all very well," said Fenton, "but they are my possessions, and valuable at that. I don't see what right you have to touch them."

He looked from the inspector to his colleague in plain clothes—the medical officer and the other policeman were still in the bedroom—and he could tell from their set expressions that they were not really interested in his work. They thought it was just an excuse, an alibi, and all they wanted to do was to take him back to the police station and question him still further about the sordid, pitiful deaths in the bedroom, about the body of the little stillborn child.

"I'm quite ready to go with you, Inspector," he said quietly, "but I make this one request—that you will allow me to show my work to my wife and my friends."

The inspector nodded at his subordinate, who went out of the kitchen; and then the little group moved to the studio, Fenton himself opening the door and showing them in.

"Of course," he said, "I've been working under wretched conditions. Bad light, as you see. No proper amenities at all. I don't know how I stuck it. As a matter of fact, I intended to move out when I returned from my holiday. I told the poor girl so, and it probably depressed her."

He switched on the light and, as they stood there, glancing about them, noting the dismantled easel, the canvases stacked neatly against the wall, it struck him that, of course, these preparations for departure must seem odd to them, suspicious, as though he had in truth known what had happened in the bedroom behind the kitchen and had intended a get-away.

"It was a makeshift, naturally," he said, continuing to apologize for the small room that looked so unlike a studio, "but it happened to suit me. There was nobody else in the house, nobody to ask questions. I only saw Madame Kaufman and the boy."

He noticed that Edna had come into the room, and the Alhusons, too, and the other policeman, and they were all watching him with the same set expressions. Why Edna? Why the Alhusons? Surely they must be impressed by the stack of canvases?

He strode across the floor, seized the nearest canvas to hand, and held it up for them to see. It was the portrait of Madame Kaufman that he liked best.

"They're unconventional, I know that," he said, "not picture-book stuff. But they're strong. They've got originality." He seized another. Madame Kaufman again, this time with Johnnie on her lap. "Mother and child," he said, half smiling.

He cocked his head, trying to see the canvas as they would see it, for the first time; and, looking up for Edna's approval, for her gasp of wonder, he was met by that same frozen stare.

Then her face seemed to crumple and she turned to the Alhusons and said: "They're not proper paintings. They're daubs, done anyhow." Blinded by tears she looked up at the inspector. "I told you he couldn't paint," she said, "he's never painted in his life. It was all a lie, just to get into the house with this woman. Tomorrow he would have crept back and tried to get rid of them, as he tried to get rid of the baby's body."

Fenton watched the Alhusons lead her away. He heard them go out of the back door and through the garden to the front of the house. He put the canvas down on the ground with its face to the wall, and said to the inspector: "I'm ready to go."

Now they got into the police car. Fenton sat between the inspector and the man in plain clothes. The car left Boulting Street. It crossed two other streets, and then came into Oakley Street, and on towards the Embankment.

Fenton murmured to himself: "They're not proper paintings, they're daubs." Then, when the lights changed and the car shot forward, he shouted: "All right, I'll confess everything. I was her lover, of course, and the child was mine. I turned on the gas this evening before I left the house. I killed them all. I was going to kill my wife, too, when we got to Scotland. I want to confess—I did it . . . I did it. . . ."

*THE END*

© *Daphne du Maurier, 1959*

*"The Alibi" is from the book "The Breaking Point," by Daphne du Maurier, published by Gollancz this month at 15s.*

**GENEROSITY—4**

Almost always the most needy are the most generous.

Stanislaus of Poland

## ARE YOU POPULAR?

**Your answers to the questions on page 15 should be scored as follows:**

1. (a) 0. (b) 10. (c) 5.
2. (a) 0. (b) 0. (c) 5. (d) 10.
3. (a) 0. (b) 10. (c) 5.
4. (a) 10. (b) 5. (c) 0.
5. (a) 0. (b) 10. (c) 5.
6. (a) 0. (b) 5. (c) 10.
7. (a) 0. (b) 5. (c) 10. (d) 10. (e) 5.
8. (a) 0. (b) 0. (c) 10.
9. (a) 10. (b) 0. (c) 10. (d) 0.
10. (a) 10. (b) 0. (c) 5.

Great popularity is the result of an indefinable quality possibly best summed up as personality. If you have scored between 80-100 then you are, or should be, in some activity where you meet large numbers of people—possibly as an entertainer, salesman or charity worker. 60-75 covers the very satisfactory marks of the person popular in his own circle but making little attempt to project himself beyond it. 55 or less indicates that you have a small chip on your shoulder which makes people wary of offending you, with the result that they don't make friendly overtures, though many would like to.


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*Readers seeking advice from our team of experts are invited to send their problems to "John Bull : Everybody's Weekly" Free Advice Service, 189 High Holborn, London, W.C.1. Letters will be answered by post, and problems of general interest will also be published on this page*

# We advise...

**MY little boy of twelve was knocked down by a car and his leg was fractured. The police said that they would not be prosecuting. I have had to take him to hospital several times to be examined and have his leg replastered, and I have lost a day's wages each time. Have I a claim on this amount at least?—C. W., Ilford, Essex.**

● If there is evidence to show that your son's injury was caused through the negligence of the driver of the car you can claim damages against him for all actual loss suffered through the accident.

If there are no witnesses, the police report may throw some light on the matter.

### DUTY BOUND

**I HAVE had a camera for three years on which I did not pay duty when I brought it into this country. Now I am going to the Channel Isles for my holidays and want to know whether I will be liable to pay duty if I take the camera with me.—R. C., Aberdeen.**

● A foreign camera on which duty has not been paid remains liable to customs duty. You can be asked to pay by the customs officer on your return to this country.

### HARDER TERMS

**THE manager of a firm from which I bought some furniture on hire purchase has told me it is moving to premises seven miles away. He wants the instalments posted. I've told him to send a collector. Can he make me post the money?—Mrs. M. C., Hindley, Wigan.**

● The vendor of the furniture has no legal obligation to collect payments. It would be advisable for you to send the money by post.

### BROKEN STEP

**ON holiday recently I caught my foot on a paving stone which was appreciably higher than the rest. I broke a bone in my foot. The corporation refuses to pay me either for the cost of new shoes or for the taxi fares to and from hospital. The pavement, it says, had not been repaired for a year. Have I any redress?—G. E. S., London, N.W.5.**

● If the state of the pavement was due to ordinary wear and tear the corporation would have no liability.

If you can bring evidence to show that the pavement had been recently repaired and the work had been negligently done, the corporation could be held liable for damages.

### VANDAL NEXT DOOR

**MY father used to draw his water supply from a common pump, but now water is piped and the pump is used only for watering gardens. However, over the years a neighbour's garden has been extended to take in the pump and the new owner recently smashed it up. Was he entitled to do this?—Mrs. E. W., Louth, Lincs.**

● When your father bought the house, the right to use the common pump passed to him with the property.

In the circumstances the neighbour seems to have acted illegally and could be held liable for damages. All parties concerned would have to agree to have the pump destroyed.

A solicitor's letter to your neighbour should be effective in getting it restored to its original condition.

### INFANT DELINQUENTS

**PARENTS are not liable for damage done by their children when they are not under direct parental control. Does this also apply to deliberate damage? And at what age does the child's immunity cease?—M. F. T., Bristol, 3.**

● Under the Children and Young Persons Act (1933) no child under eight can be held guilty of any crime.

If between eight and fourteen a child does something which in the case of an adult would be an offence there is a presumption in law that he had not sufficient capacity to know what he did was wrong.

This presumption may be rebutted if there is evidence of design, concealment, exceptional ferocity, or of a mischievous disposition.

### NOT PAID UP

**EMPLOYED by a plasterer for two years I wanted a change and asked for my cards and money. I was given my cards but not pay—the plasterer said I left the job in a mess. How can I get my money?—T. H., Doncaster, Yorks.**

● Under the Employers' and Workmen's Act (1875) you can recover your wages in the magistrates' court if the amount is less than £10.

If over £10, you would have to issue a summons in the county court.

A solicitor's letter to your former employer might prove effective.

### ICY WAYS AND MEANS

**WHAT are the differences between the absorption and compressor types of refrigerator? I want a model of about three to four cubic feet capacity. —I. G., Hemsworth, Pontefract, Yorks.**

● A compressor refrigerator is cooled by a refrigerant which is pumped round the unit by a small motor compressor.

Absorption models are cooled by a refrigerant which is driven round the unit by the application of heat, either an electric element, gas jet or paraffin flame. Hence the term—no moving parts.

While the absorption model provides less interior capacity, it works silently.

A reputable make of either will give good service.

### INVASION!

**MY next-door neighbour is disputing a boundary between our ground and is building supports on my side of the fence. The boundary has been the way it is now since 1936. What can I do about this?—A. C., Clayton, Manchester, 11.**

● As the fence has been in position since 1936 the boundary is definitely fixed and your neighbour has no legal right to alter it.

As he has driven supports into your land, he appears to have committed a trespass and can be compelled to remove them. In the circumstances you should get a solicitor to deal with the matter.

### STAKING A CLAIM?

**RECENTLY I gave a neighbour the use of part of my land without rent. Now I'm told that if he uses it for seven years without paying rent he can claim it as his own. Is this true?—Miss A. M. R., Snainton, Yorks.**

● As you are permitting your neighbour to use part of your garden by licence only, he cannot attain any legal right to own it.

You can, of course, withdraw your consent at any time.

### ORDEAL BY FIRE

**WITH my husband, serving in the R.A.S.C. in Germany, I went to a Naafi dance and there someone set fire to my dress. I was badly burned and cannot wear an evening dress or use my hands. There was nothing in the Naafi to put the fire out with. Could I claim compensation?—Mrs. R. D., London, N.8.**

● In these circumstances the promoters of the dance do not appear to have any liability.

If, however, you have evidence to show that your accident was caused by the negligence of the person who set fire to your dress, your claim for damages would lie against that person.

## Worth Noting

**ROGER SMITHELLS**

**keeps practical homelovers up to date**

▶ **Garden rule:** Mark the handle of your garden rake off in feet and inches and paint in the marks. This will provide you with a permanent ruler to ensure correct garden measurements. (Mr. G. J. Anderson, Aberdeen.)

▶ **Keep those sheets in:** Here is an attachment for divan beds to prevent sheets and bedclothes slipping off the bottom of the bed . . . very useful for tall people, children and for people who are restless in bed. The Cohar is pushed in at the bottom of the bed under the mattress, and has two wooden arms padded with foam rubber, which clamp the bedclothes, holding them firm. It is invisible in use and is made in three sizes and costs 39s. 6d. plus postage and packing of 3s. 6d. for the 2½ ft., and the 3 ft. and 49s. 6d. for the 4½ ft. Can be had on seven days' free trial by sending 3s. 6d. to Cohar Distributors, 19 India Street, Glasgow, C2, Scotland.

▶ **Soldering tip:** When doing a very small soldering job, cut a potato so that it will stand, and stick the small pieces to be soldered in it. It will hold them in position. Alternatively, use a piece of modelling clay. (R. E. Hanson, Newcastle upon Tyne.)

▶ **Look back in safety:** A dual purpose wing mirror suitable for caravan owners as well as car owners, is now on the market. The

This Desmo mirror enables car and caravan owners to look back safely. Finish in chrome

modern design gives a wide range of vision and the two arms of different lengths are simple to adjust for car or caravan use. Finished in chromium plate this Desmo No. 216 caravan mirror retails at 26s. By Desmo, Ltd., Pensnett, Brierley Hill, Staffs.

▶ **Handy-length mop:** The 2 ft. 9 in. handle makes this mop a useful length for wiping walls, floors, windows or cleaning cars. The mop head is of sponge which is easily squeezed, and refill mop heads are available. In a colour choice of red, blue or green with toning sponge heads, this Quick-mop costs 12s. 6d. Refill compressed sponge heads cost 5s. 4d. By Sponcel, Ltd., 40 Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

▶ **A hanging basket:** When the basket of your chip pan has worn out, cut one wire off the handle and bend the other one over and fasten it to the other side. Enamel the basket to suit your taste in colour. (Mrs. Carter, Market Deeping.)

* * *

**If you have a trouble - saving household tip for this column, send it in to Roger Smithells, JOHN BULL : EVERYBODY'S WEEKLY, 189 High Holborn, London, W.C.1. One guinea will be paid for each tip published.**

Political Puppets - Plunge Pathetically manage' world.

# FINAL CRUISE OFFER for BULLETS

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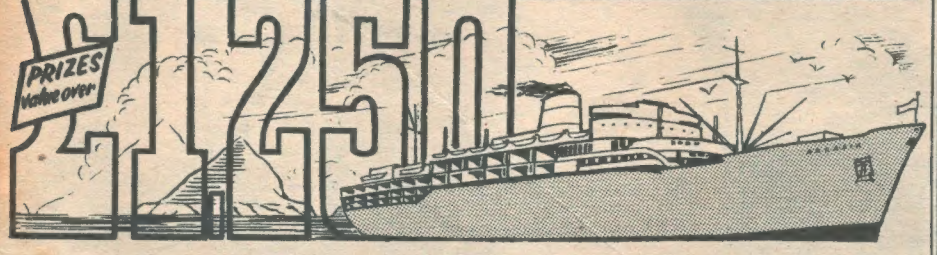

## WIN a Fortune, Sunshine Holiday and Movie Camera!

STEP aboard the Good Ship Bullets *today* for breezy Fun With Words—and sail off to the sunny Mediterranean for your holiday with a fortune in your pocket!

The First Prize cheque *you* can win for a Bullet is £500—*plus* a new £250 Holiday Presentation. It's a first-class two-berth cabin for a thirteen-day cruise in the luxurious *Arcadia*. She sails on August 29 for Naples and Capri sightseeing . . . Cannes and the Riviera . . . Casablanca and Morocco. With those two cruise tickets go a new Movie Camera, Home Projector and films—to make your Sunshine Holiday last a lifetime.

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**OTHER PRIZES** value over **£500**

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**SUMMER BANQUETS** see coupon below

**WAY TO WIN**

Here's how to shape a Bullet. First, grasp the broad idea by enjoying the latest winners. Then choose as your starting-point any Example from list below. To it, add TWO, THREE or FOUR words to make the whole into a bright Bullet.

| | |
|---|---|
| The Peace Prize | Courtesy Campaign |
| Better Driver | On The Sands |
| Makes Life A Cruise | It Rained And Rained, But |
| American Brains | Some Poor Mug |
| While The Cauldron Bubbles | Let The Side Down |
| Man Who Remembers | Sniffing Suspiciously |
| In The Price War | Horde Of Sightseers |
| Gets No Thanks | All Alike |
| Promising Youngster | On A Bit Of String |
| Round The Juke-box | When Hubby Bathed Baby |

Last six Examples are incomplete: if you wish to use one, first complete it with a word of your choice—then make your Bullet as above.

A Jolly Good..... .....Without Tears
Emptied The..... In Lord Turnstyle's.....
If We Don't Look..... Wearing..... Out

## LATEST WINNERS

Bullets No. 2,191 Result:

**£800** or Car-plus-Cash Award: J. Dobie, Ormisbank Cottage, Waverley Road, Dalkeith:

**What Is Work?—"Strait-jacket"? "Hands Tied" *Without*!**

**£50** F. Garland, 176 Clayhall Avenue, Ilford: **An Empty Shell — World — Unless Man "Listens"!**

**£25** F. Denton, 12 Arthur Street, Ryhope, Sunderland: **To Preserve Beauty-spots—Give *Vandals* "The Treatment"!**

**£10** Mrs. A. Paton, 2 Gosford Lane, Glasgow: **The Old Steam Radio—Was "Conjurer"—Successor, "*Hypnotist*"!**

**£9** J. H. Mounsey, 17 Church Avenue, Gosforth, Newcastle upon Tyne: **The Day She Smiled—*New* Family Album Started!**

**£8** Miss H. F. Tennant, 82 Bonsall Road, Birmingham: **An Empty Shell—Berlin, Once—"Dynamite," Now!**

**£7** E. H. Crowe, 1 High Street, Dunsville, Doncaster: **What They'll Invent Next — Outdated — After You've Blinked!**

**£6** B. R. Elias, "Stepping Stones," Pembroke Road, Haverfordwest: **Out In The Car—Envying Neighbours Streamlined *Gardens*?**

**£5** Mrs. J. L. Carnie, 8 Laverockbank Gardens, Trinity, Edinburgh: **To Preserve Privilege—Campers Only Left—*Thanks*.**

**£4** J. W. McFarlane, 173 Kilmarnock Road, Glasgow: **What They'll Invent Next—Worries Boffin, Entering *Canteen*!**

For ten winners of £3 see *Bullets Bulletin*. 3,100 other Awards have also been posted.

EXAMPLE ..... 1s. PER BULLET

BULLET

EX. .....

B.

EX. .....

B.

EX. .....

B.

EX. ..... 5th BULLET FREE

B. WITH 4 PAID

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**2,196** Post not later than last collection on **MON., JUNE 15**

I agree to rules and enclose P.O. entry-fee at the rate of 1s. per Bullet or 4s. for complete coupon.

P.O. value..... No.....

Signed .....

Address .....

.....

**BULLETS HELP**

STICK 3d. STAMP here for four pages of practical help to success in June 27 *Bulletin* (For four issues send P.O. 1s.)

**RULES** 1. First Prize for best Bullet received; others in order of merit. The test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Editor undertakes that all Bullets received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent adjudicators.

3. As entry-fee enclose P.O. as indicated on coupon. Fee submitted will be taken to cover Bullets in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are allowed at 1s. per Bullet. Make P.O. payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated.

4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that result of this Contest (in JOHN BULL dated July 11), also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.

**(See "Daily Herald" on Saturday, June 27, for early news of No. 2,196 result.)**

**POST ENTRY** Bullets 2,196, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.99

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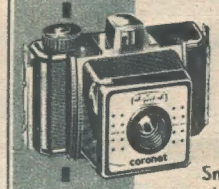

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